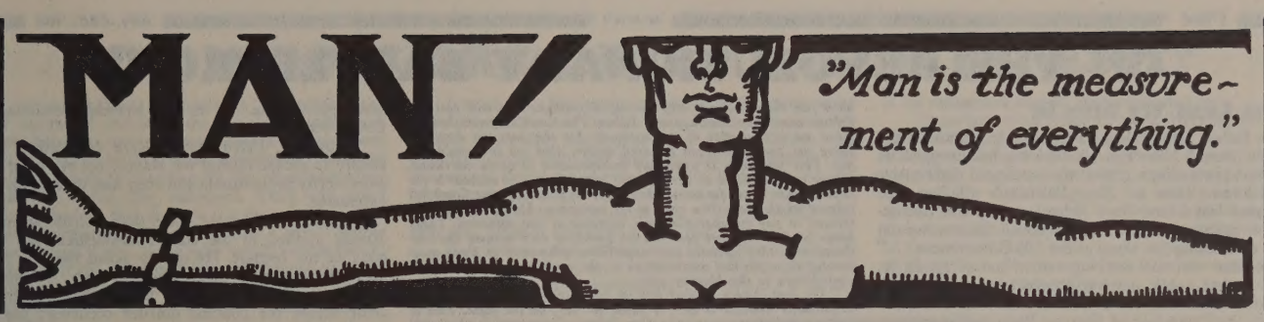
MAN!



"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

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OUR POSITION TOWARD WAR

A report of 339 psychiatrists of the Medical Association of Netherlands, declared, that war in our present age is an expression of madness. This is partly true, but not the whole truth.

What we are witnessing, for instance, today, in Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, Japan's invasion of China and Russia, Hitler's already planned invasion of Ukrainia, are all but a part of the War Butcheries—that our ruling statesmen have been all along at work in preparing for their respective peoples, whose "servants" they have sworn themselves in to be. Realizing this, one is forced to ask the question: are not the ruled people of the aforementioned countries devoid of all reasoning powers or of sanity to view silently and even participating in the very preparations of every sort of war device implements of destruction that sooner or later they will be asked, called and ordered to make use against fellow-human beings whom they have never even known?

And could not the very same be said about our own land, the highest military prepared one? And what about other countries—Great Britain, France, Russia, in fact, every country, excepting the "uncivilized" as yet? Each country's ruling powers are day by day preparing ways and means of having the people of each respective country destroy one another as thorough and horrible as science has only devised.

Still, to come back to the findings of the psychiatrists of the Netherlands, one must conclude, that the insanity that war represents by what it is on the battlefield, is not insanity alone. No ruler, not even a mad man like a Mussolini or a Hitler would embroil their countries in wars out of the sheer pleasure of it.

Mussolini, Hitler, Japan or United States rulers, all talk about markets and the need of expansion; yet there is not a country on the face of the earth today, that could not feed, cloth and shelter itself to its fullest needs and desires. And, if, despite this fact, the multitudes of people in every country are suffering for lack of food, cloth and shelter, it is because in every such country we *have the entrenched system of exploitation and rulership of the few, at the expense and complete subjugation and suffering of the many.*

War then is, in reality, but a weapon in the hands of exploiters and rulers, and should therefore be placed at the very steps of that system of society upon which exploitation and rulership has been founded, and is being perpetrated.

Mussolini would be the last one to even risk a war, if his reign over the people of Italy could have continued securely without it. For thirteen years he has been keeping the people in a strait-jacket. All the promises of his totalitarian state, proved only of benefit, as intended, to the exploiters and rulers of that country. His throne began to totter, as the people could no longer be fed on promises alone. And *war,* as every book of history tells, has always been the *first* and *last* weapon of every threatened rulership.

From the foregoing it is easy to deduct that war is but the insane child of the present system of inequality, exploitation and rulership. When the people come to realize, and to learn this truth, they will understand, that it is not alone against war that they have to fight and abolish, but the very system of society that makes war but a method whereby it perpetuates its reign over and against the people.

* * *

In the momentary war that Mussolini is waging upon Ethiopia there have arisen many other significant angles which, when examined closely, explain how it comes about that the present rulers and exploiters of the world are able to embroil the people in wars, at such ease.

The truth is, even if it comes out of the mouth of a monstrous Mussolini, that the people of Ethiopia are mostly slaves. One needs but follow the newspapers for the last few months in order to realize that that war-ridden country is but owned by a few hundred "lords", and the church. And for any sane-minded, liberty-aspiring thinking person, to come forward and side with the rulers of Ethiopia is either folly or indefensible. Yet, we witness liberals, socialists and communists, as well as trade unionists, coming forward to aid morally or otherwise, sanctions against Italy. (There are of course exceptions, and all credit to such men as George Lansbury of England.)

Furthermore, it is likewise true, notwithstanding the fact of this charge coming again from a Mussolini, that Great Britain's rulers are not so much, if at all, out to protect the raping of Ethiopia, as its own imperial colonial interests. The same holds true to Madame France. At the present moment those who supported sanctions against Italy can see in the secret pact by which England and France were ready to force Ethiopia in giving to the Brigand Mussolini three-fifths of its land, what fools they were being made of, since, both England and France are no better imperialist robbers than Mussolini hopes to become.

The so-called League of Nations is but a League of the world's rulers and exploiters. Peace is no more in their hearts or minds than their interests and safety demand. Some naive pacifists have suggested that all the governments within or out of the League of Nations come forward and declare their willingness to forego all past acquired imperialistic conquests of colonies or any intention for future conquests as well. To do this they would have to declare as bankrupt, and at an end, the present order of exploitation and rulership. Do the pacifists think the world's rulers and exploiters are ready to do this? If not, whom else are the pacifists kidding but themselves?

Even when "proletarian-ruled" Russia joined the League, it did so for the obvious purpose of helping to maintain peace between itself and the capitalist nations, in order that it be allowed to carry on its dictatorial aims, forgetting, that it has thereby committed the rankest sort of treachery against the revolutionary interests of the workers throughout the world. And it is such, or similar motives of national ruling and exploiting interests that holds together the entire presumptuous League of Nations.

A real sane, consistent and sincere fighter for liberty can therefore no more support the war of a Mussolini-butcher, than to defend the slave King of Ethiopia. And this holds true to any country where exploitation and government abounds.

Let no one also lose sight for one moment, of the fact that in war it is not those who order and profit by war that do the fighting and dying. Whether Mussolini despicably forces natives to fight natives, or Italians to fight Ethiopians, or the King of Ethiopia. its robber lords and church brigands, order their slaves to murder their kins or Italians—*it is in each case—the misled, cajoled, exploited and ruled who meet death and are being maimed on both sides!*

It would therefore be more logical and consistent for any sane and sincere liberty-aspiring person *to do one's utmost in bringing about an exposure of the real causes of war, which in turn could but result in the people of each respective country arising in rebellion against every system of exploitation and rulership.*

The anarchist recognizes no country as superior to another. In the economic and political system that the greatest part of the human race finds itself ruled by today the anarchist sees but a continuous ravaging war in so-called times of "peace", that causes no less murder and crippling of humans than on the battle fields of the brazenly-open and well-prepared wars, engendered for perpetuating the very same system. With such a system, be it peace or war, one cannot, one should not compromise. On the contrary, one should utilize every opportunity that arises to weaken and undermine it. And this can best be achieved by constantly pointing out to the people, over the heads of those who rule and exploit them, that *their real enemy lies not within the boundary lines of another country—but right at home.* It is these enemies that stand in the way between their suffering and need, and the possibility of happiness and plentitude for all alike. *When exploitation and rulership of man by man shall no longer blacken the face of the earth, then, and not before, will there come an end to wars on the battle fields, as well as to the every-day life war of so-called peace.*

We are then: *against war just as much as against the so-called peace under the present system. We are tho at all times for the social revolution, which is the only force, able to wipe off from the face of this chaotic earth, the ignomible things of injustice called now peace or war.*

Ode To The World

We are the young generation,
The new and surplus generation,
The rarin'-to-go, but down-at-the-heels generation;
Open up your doors, World,
And let us in.

The World is a huge factory
With a dirty brick wall—
From Capetown to Greenland
From ocean to ocean
Across the flat sands and the sharp hills and the wide prairies,

The World is a big business enterprise
With a thousand locked entrances,
And a thousand 'No Help Wanted' signs on each of them;
"No-Help-Wanted"
"No-Hands-Wanted"
"No-one-need-apply-today"
—Everywhere we go in the big World factory.

Open up your doors, World,
Lest we "huff and puff and blow our way in"
Like the wolf in our school book fairy tale.

Open up your doors, World,
For we are tired of hanging around the exits and entrances,
Of stretching on our tip-toes at the smoky windows
(On the outside, looking in.)
We are weary of conniving petty plots to sneak through the loopholes—

We BELONG, World!

So open wide your entrances,
Lest we band together in young brute strength,
Lest we make of our young shoulders a battalion of battering rams,
To force the locked portals . . .

Open up your doors, World.

SOPHIA FAGIN

Shall MAN! Continue To Exist?

The fact that there was no November issue, and likewise, hardly any funds for a Nov.-Dec. issue, speaks for itself as to how long we can manage to keep going. In our three years of existence we have not once resorted to shrieking appeals, and we will not do it now, even at the most critical period of our life.

Difficult, as it has been, and still is, to continue publishing MAN! in the most reactionary state in the union, we have nevertheless done so, and are willing to continue in doing so.

Our reading circle has widened by far, compared to what we started out with. Not only does MAN! circulate in every state in the union, but almost in every country throughout the world. If every reader would only pay in each one's subscription, the regular monthly appearance of MAN! would be assured.

Having frankly told the state of affairs of MAN! we leave now the readers to decide, by their cooperation or indifference, as to whether MAN! should continue to exist or not.

MAN!

Protest Now!

The impending deportation of Vincent Ferrero and Dominick Sallitto for the crime of having rented part of their restaurant as a mail address for MAN! has now taken a serious turn for the worst. Both men are now being offered voluntary deportation, but the Italian fascist regime refuses to give them visas. Despite this fact, the "liberal new-deal" administration insists on their leaving the country, which in turn implies years of imprisonment, if not actual death.

The New York Ferrero-Sallitto Conference (whose new address is: P.O. Box 181, Station D New York City) has therefore launched a nation-wide protest campaign against the threatening danger that now faces Ferrero and Sallitto. It urges every individual and liberty-believing organization to forward, immediately, protests to Francis Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Likewise they invite correspondence with all those who will forward such protests.

It is needless to emphasize that the deportation of both men, if allowed to take place, is really an attempt to intimidate the existence of MAN! Protests are therefore doubly imperative.

ON THE REVOLUTIONARY BATTLEFRONT

In The Land We Live In

The Labor Department, under the guidance of the "gracious liberal" Miss Francis Perkins, has dropped its deportation proceedings against the mother of eight native born children. Some of Mrs. Petrosky's children had participated last March in a School strike, and the immigration agents of Miss Perkins seized the mother on charges of wanting "to shoot at the (?) Government . . ."

The case was too raw, or rather too dirty, in its concoction that public opinion should let it go through unprotested. Thanks to the efforts of the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, sufficient protests were raised throughout the country to cause Miss Perkins in ordering the dismissal of the deportation proceedings.

But, who is to repay for the arrest and anguish, suffering and insults that the agents of Miss Perkins had brought to a Mrs. Stella Petrosky and her close relatives?

And what about the scores of close to one hundred similar deportation proceedings that are now pending in various parts of the country, brought on by the same agencies of Miss Francis Perkins? Every one of these deportation cases are, in the final analysis, just as *unjust* and *crimeful* as the one put forward against Stella Petrosky.

If one were to go into the details of every pending deportation case nothing else could be found except charges that the accused have at one time or another participated in the struggle for more freedom and justice. This is the sole crime for which the agents of a supposedly "new deal" and "liberal" administration has been hounding every labor circle in order to rid this glorious land of unbridled exploitation and crooked political rulership, of those who have come to realize the truth of these facts, and are attempting to impart them to others.

Deportation as such, whether to a fascist-ruled country or not, is unjust, willful, and an insult to every one who holds ideas of Justice and Freedom as above those of ruthless exploitation and rulership. If the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born can arouse all the liberal, radical and militant organizations of the country into a rallying defense of every deportation case now pending, the "gracious" lady of the Labor Department would be forced to dismiss the proceedings in each such case as it has in the one of Stella Petrosky.

* * *

Resolution unanimously adopted by delegates assembled at conference against deportation and persecution of the foreign born, Sunday, October 27th, at 2 P. M., at Irving Plaza, Irving Place and 15th Street, New York City.

We 339 delegates representing 221 organizations urge that the traditional right of asylum in America for political and religious refugees from tyrannical governments be preserved.

We protest most vigorously the threatened deportation of Otto Richter, Alfred Miller, Erich Becker, Fred Werrmann, Carl Ohm, and other anti-nazi refugees to Germany; of Emil Gardos to Hungary, of Dan Agalos to Greece, of Stella Petrosky and Sol Goldband to Poland, of Vincent Ferrero and Dominick Sallitto to Italy, of Oscar Mannisto to Finland. All of these and many others, innocent of any crime, face deportation, imprisonment or death in fascist countries for holding beliefs or belonging to organizations which are legal in the United States. We request their unconditional release.

We protest the increasing use of the deportation laws as weapons of the employers in breaking strikes, as in the cases of the San Francisco General Strike of 1934 and the recent struggles of the coal miners in Gallup, New Mexico, where foreign born workers, some of them defense witnesses, were deported; and where savage sentences of labor leaders on trumped up murder charges went hand in hand.

We protest the breaking up of families by deportation and harsh immigration restrictions and the exclusion of immigrants from immigration and from citizenship because of race, nationality, political opinion or refusal to take an oath to bear arms.

We favor the repeal of the present deportation laws and the discontinuance of all deportation cases arising out of activities for the improvement of the conditions of the working people.

We demand full economic, social and political equality for the foreign-born in the United States.

We are convinced that deportation of foreign born workers and persecution of minorities does not solve the economic problems from which the multitude of the people suffer but rather stands in the way of the solution of these problems.

Copies of this resolution be sent to Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, to Samuel Dickstein, Chairman of House Committee on Immigration, to Senators, Congressmen and to the Press.

* * *

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born (100 Fifth Avenue, New York City) initiated the call of the above Conference. The call for that Conference was already set up for the October issue, but the lateness of our going to press made it useless to print it.

The same Conference adopted another important resolution which reads, as follows:

Be it resolved that this conference go on record to pledge its utmost moral and financial support through the organizations we represent in continuing the fight against all the evils directed against the foreign born through deportation and other forms of persecution.

We pledge to defend those individuals victimized in this manner regardless of race, color, creed or political opinions, and offer co-operation to other organizations engaged in defending such individuals.

We further pledge to enlist the co-operation and support of all organizations and liberty loving people in this great cause to uphold the traditional right of asylum and freedom for which this great country was founded.

* * *

County Jail No 1
San Francisco, Calif.
October 19, 1935

To My Friends and Supporters
in My Fight for Freedom:

We have reached a most serious crisis in our fight for freedom. Something must be done about it immediately if we are to have anything like a chance for our liberty. The unseen hand of that all mighty and powerful combination of Capitalists is still at work in our present hearing as they have been all throughout these nineteen years—still framing us and doing all in their power to prevent the exposure of their dastardly conspiracy that has robbed two innocent trade unionists of nineteen of the best years of their lives because they were loyal, devoted and faithful to Labor.

My counsel started last night with the Commissioner-Referee, on a five thousand mile trip making depositions that will cost my defense more than one thousand dollars. The Court Reporter has refused me a transcript of the testimony for the past ten days because we owe him seven hundred dollars that we are unable to pay. This testimony is absolutely indispensable to us in our work, yet we are compelled to work in this crippled fashion without it for lack of funds to pay for same. The California State Supreme Court has refused to give us a free copy of the testimony. The Court has also refused to pay transportation and expenses of our witnesses. These heavy burdens we must bear and are unable to do it without the continuance of that splendid and magnificent generosity of those most wonderful people and organizations in the world to me—friends and contributors to the Mooney case.

The best chance we ever had for our freedom is now completely in jeopardy because of lack of funds to carry on the fight. This is truly a crisis in our struggle. Our Defense Committee is absolutely penniless and desperately in need of at least two thousand dollars for IMMEDIATE COURT EXPENSE IF WE ARE TO HAVE A GHOST OF A CHANCE. Won't you help me in this hour of my greatest need? I place my cause in your hands. With your help I can win—without it I am lost. With my warm regards I send you firm fraternal greetings.

Sincerely,
Tom Mooney

DIRECT ALL FUNDS AND COMMUNICATIONS TO:
TOM MOONEY MOLDERS' DEFENSE COMMITTEE
P.O. BOX 1475, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Argentina

In August 1931 during the dictatorship of Uriburu a hundred workers were arrested, among them being Pascual Vuotto, Reclus de Diago and Santiago Mainini. They were subjected to abominable treatment. Reliable witnessess assert that they have undergone brutal tortures to wring confessions from them. As a result two persons have become mad. The proofs of their guilt thus obtained by the police, supplemented by documents fabricated in another way, has been accepted by the court of justice. The three above mentioned men were sentenced to life-long imprisonment. Public opinion in Argentina is convinced of their innocence and believes that they are being prosecuted only because they are anarchists and militant working-men. The defenders who exposed the inhuman treatment to which the condemned men had been txposed, and the peculiar manner in which the proofs of their guilt were obtained, were thwarted in every possible manner. Diaz de Cisneros, the fascist judge of Bragado, declared all the evidence for the defence to be null and void. Three of the witnesses were sentenced each to three years imprisonment. The police doctor, who gave evidence about the terrible tortures to which the men concerned had been subjected, is being prosecuted. An appeal lodged by the defence resulted in a fine of 300 pesetas for the alleged use of "insulting" terms.

According to a report received at the end of September the case will be tried once again before the Camara Segundo de Apelaciones de Mercedes, provincia Buenos-Aires, Argentina.

You are requested to protest by telegram or by air-mail to the President of the aforesaid Court of Appeal and to demand justice for Vuotta, de Diago and Mainini. Copy of telegram or letter to be sent to the Minister of Justice at Buenos-Aires.

There is a growing movement in the Argentine in favour of the victims of the Bragado Case. Support it by your protest!

INTERNATIONAL ANTI-MILITARIST PRESS COMMISSION

Russia

Through an understanding between bolshevist and fascist authorities Alfonso Petrini has been given up to the consignment of the Italian police when embarked for expulsion in Odessa. That's the WORKERS' COUNTRY'S crime against an ideal, against a *MAN!*

On his arrival in Italy, Petrini was locked up for a few days in Ancone and later transferred to the prison of Aquila. Aquila is the place where our Comrade was sentenced to twenty-two years of hard labor for his participation in the Ancone revolutionary riots of 1920. Ancone is Petrini's birthplace, an Adriatic seaport in touch with Russia through a regular transportation service.

Under the G. P. U. knout, Petrini, on May the 24th, reached the last day of a three year deportation in Astrakan; he had already been incarcerated for several years, even without the simulation of a trial, in various parts of the soviet land. On May the 25th, Petrini wrote that the authorities were awaiting orders from Moscow to decide, finally, where he would find his new exile country; and that his correspondence with outside Comrades had just been confiscated by the G. P. U. who were considering new persecutions against him.

And on June 7th, Petrini signed his decree of expulsion from Russia. This expulsion asked by Petrini and demanded by the anarchists in general, was a welcome measure to all of us.

Indeed, it was a welcome measure: Under Bolshevism life is unbearable for those who express their dislike for the political and military State; especially if they show a liking for the revolution and a hatred toward those who robbed the latter of its eventuals results. This expulsion would permit Petrini to desert the misleading country, the land of misery and persecutions and allow him to live again among us and take care of his destroyed health.

Now, after that news, we passed long months of an anxious silence. Then, from Italy, we learned the true facts of the crime.

Surely, it is true Petrini signed the decree of expulsion? But why? In Astrakan Petrini led the most distressing life; jails and the cold climate had rendered our beloved, strong and energetic Comrade of 35 nothing but a tubercular human rag. He could only work at rare intervals when his health permitted him and when the G. P. U. had not yet denounced him to the factory authorities as a dangerous character. Here, it must be said that at times, Petrini preferred the miserable life of the unemployed to the torments inflicted upon him by the bolshevist bosses. We have a full documentation dealing with our Comrade's calvary in the WORKER'S COUNTRY.

Thus, in Siberia, Petrini lived from the refuse or from fruit and vegetables given him by the peasants for the unloading of their goods at markets. He also received our help which he always shared with other victims of the love for freedom.

And consequently, such a life forced Petrini in the dilemma either to go on carrying his cross or kneel before the mercyless and powerful bolshevist rulers. Petrini preferred Italian jail to the wretched existence in the Soviet land.

However, Petrini might have dreamed of the possibility to escape during the travel; not realizing that the sea directly joins Russia and Italy and that he himself was exhausted.

Again, we have to state that Petrini when still in Russia applied to the Italian authorities. We have the copy of his request. He simply asked them to intervene to ease his getting away. Once in Italy, he was sure to be able to defend himself; he had been wounded one hour before the political murder occurred; the murder of which he is accused. The fact is that there is a material impossibility to find him guilty. Petrini, in his request, did not deny any of his convictions and simply asked to be judged.

Futhermore, we assert that in giving up Petrini to the consignment of the Italian police, the bolshevist authorities wanted to satisfy a "friendly" nation and stop the troublesome agitation against the G. P. U. in foreign countries; and above all, it was their hypocritical way of doing away with a *MAN* and throwing him there, where he would not survive to accuse his torturers. The latter are able to answer that Petrini himself asked to be expulsed, but nevertheless, the truth is that Petrini was compelled to select a tragic settlement; either to die as a hunted beast in the Siberian desolate steppes or go and breath a little more air of his birthplace, even if the air to reach him through the iron bars of his jail; see his family, his children once more . . . As Alfonso Petrini could only make his choice between two calvaries, we repeat that his expulsion by the U. S. S. R. is a crime against an ideal, a crime against a *MAN*

(Translated by Jules Scarceriaux) LE LIBERTAIRE

Uruguay

None of you should ignore Radowitzky! He is an heroic part of yourselves, nothing less than the incarnation of the terrible protests of the despoiled and the avenger of millions of men who fell under the inquisitorial claws of historical justice.

In 1919, when, under the Argentine police bludgeons, the most tragic slaughter ever recorded among the workers took place, Simon Radowitzky, a mere boy of 17, bravely and generously, dynamited Colonel Falcon who was directly responsible for the bloody week of January.

Confined in the Tierra de Fuogo, the long years of martyrdom have crippled him; yet the cold white sheet of the tragic peninsula could not serve him as shroud. Through the masses' efforts the hero has obtained his liberation.

Deported to Uruguay, Radowitzky thought to find there the happiness he missed in his glorious youth. The politicians could not see it that way; they tyranized, violated law and Constitution and again arrested and incarcerated Simon in the Island of Flores.

Yes, again incarcerated, a Man like Radowitzky who by self-denial sacrificed his individual interests, who rose magnificently and super-humanly as none other in history ever did to avenge his slaughtered brothers, Such a Man as Simon has been persecuted in a country where he has violated no law. Simon generously gives his bread and life for his friends and is so kind and sincere that he even trusts the sincerity of his enemies.

A Man like Simon today himself in a calamitous need for solidarity from the men outside the prison walls who by their clamors and other means can force his liberation.

Make manifest by holding protest meetings! Don't wait, send your protestations to the proper authorities; by all means let us fight his case.

Simon's incarceration is a blow to the proletariat's jaw. Act at once before another blow strikes!

As. Estudiantil Libertaria.—Centro Cultural de "Caminos."—Comite Pro Libertad de Simon Radowitzky.

(*Translated by J. S.*) *Montevideo, June* 1935.

Slimy Beasts

May war drums burst and disappear
And curses follow them to death
And burst the drums of every ear
That tolerates their poison breath.

May blindness wither every eye
And curses follow to its end
That looks on war and yet stays dry
Or profits by Hate's dividend.

May tongues decay and lips turn lead
That speak a single word of praise
In honor of the ghouls who spread
A yearning for the battle craze.

May palsy grip the leaders who
Encourage war and its design
And figure men as butchers do
The profit that they reap in swine.

A plague upon the patriot
Who sets his pride above our young,
Who fills our youth with tommy-rot
And lives by wits and oily tongue.

All war is profit first to last,
This our statesmen know full well,
And let them nail this to their mast;
They can also go plumb to Hell!

JACK GREENBERG

WHOM DOES ORGANIZED LABOR BENEFIT?

The organized labor movenment throughout the world, if uppraised critically, the conclusion will have to be reached that its being an organized labor movement *has* and *is* proving to be its greatest misfortune. No doubt those who happen to be members of the organized labor movement will resent this statement. They will point with pride, at the fact, that their lot is a far better one than that of the unorganized worker. And to a great degree this is true indeed. Only, those who would resent should bear in mind that the organized labor movement has been founded not only alone as a compromise agency between capital and labor, but also as an intended aid to all the workers alike.

How are these aims fulfilled?

That the organized labor movement serves very well as a compromise agency between capital and labor there can be very little doubt about. More than that. Wherever the organized workers, disillusioned by their paid spokesmen, dare to take matters into their own hands, there immediately steps in the paid union official to stop the workers from acting in their own interests. That is exactly what happened, for instance, in the General Strikes at Toledo, San Francisco, and Minnesota.

True enough, the organized labor movement commands somewhat better wages than the unorganized. But what about the unorganized? One could give an apologetic excuse: why don't they, too, organize. But this would be a great untruth.

For we have seen the workers in the automobile and steel industries begging to be organized, and when they finally did so themselves, along came, quick enough, Mr. Green himself, to force upon the membership the kind of officials that should rule them, to be followed of course, by the kind of agreements that would ensue at the hands of such officials.

When Mr. Roosevelt announced his scale of dole wages not to exceed $94 per month for skilled labor, the officials of the organized labor movement demonstrated the kind of a labor movement we have. The officials, forced by their members as well, threatened strikes unless the prevailing wages will be paid to their skilled members. And they won too. But what about the unskilled millions? Did any single official of organized labor voice a demand for prevailing wage rate payment to the unskilled? Nothing of the kind!

Supposedly, there are over forty million workers in this country. A bare three million are organized. The rest be hanged. The same holds true to over 12 million unemployed. The few hundred thousands skilled organized workers are being well taken care of. The rest no one need to worry about.

If one should go through the proceedings of all the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor one would not be able to tell the difference, except for the dates. The same clique of paid officialdom, except those taken by death, have been coming for the last forty years to have a "good time," at the expense of the "brother members." Never has one heard there a real voice for Justice. An organized labor movement that might have saved our Chicago martyrs, offered but lip-protest. The same happened in the case of Billings and Mooney, and that is why they are still imprisoned. The same happened in 1927 in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, and that is why they were burned to death.

The liberal administration of F. D. Roosevelt is busy deporting radicals, even to Fascist countries. Does it concern the organized labor movement? It should, but it does only to the extend that Mr. Green and Company *are busy in aiding all the enemies of labor to deport the only true fighters for the interests of labor:* This, despite *the so-called anti-fascist and nazi-stand of the* AFOL.

Under such a state of depravity could any one expect better things to ensue from another yearly confab of these paid leeches of organized labor?

Mr. Green greeted with open arms the chief commander of the American Legion, joining him in a united front against those elements who are the only existing menace to the vested interests and misrepresentors of labor. And let it be recorded that not a single protest was raised at this shameful marriage exhibition between the uniformed protectors of scabbery in every strike of the country and the chief spokesman of labor.

Our liberal press, and unfortunately even our Jewish contemporary—the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, have attempted to make the most of the so-called fight for industrial unionism as against the craft-scab unionism that took place at the last AFOL convention. One need but know what the spokesmen for industrial unionism have been doing all these years within their own internationals, in order to realize the insincerity of their "fight" for industrial unionism. No miner need be told of the sincerity of John L. Lewis. Nor any needle worker about the progressiveness of a Mr. Hillman or a Mr. Dubinsky. It will be enough to let one of their former associates, A. J. Muste, (*Nation*, Oct. 16, 1935) give a true evaluation of them:

This opposition . . . have the old Gompers philosophy that the unions exist to get the most possible for the workers within the frame-work of the capitalist system . . . Furthermore, Lewis, Hillman, and Company are well aware that in the present period there is bound to be more and more government interference in business, that the collective bargain has to be made with the government, the federal administration nominally as an impartial arbiter, really as the agent of the big employers. They are convinced that unions cannot be built or achieve results without goverment support.

Just as Mr. Roosevelt, representing the more wiser exploiters of the country, is trying his best to save the present order for the exploiters, Lewis, Hillman and Company know only too well that their progressivness can only go as far as the owners of Mr. Roosevelt, Swope, Moley and Company will let them function at all, with the aid of governmental legislation. (First the NRA and now the Wagner National Labor Act.)

It is indeed most unfortunate that labor should still hope or depend and look upon the official organized labor movement as an instrument that will aid it in any radical changes of life. It cannot do so basically, even if its misleaders should ever even want to.

Important social changes, more freedom, more justice and more of the better things of life, do not come according to the laid down percepts of party or labor union programs. They come only when the people voice their demands for such changes in the only manner by which it has ever been achieved, *by direct revolutionary action.* Lessons in the history of revolutions may therefore prove of fare more benefit to the eager oppressed and suffering workers, than all the organized labor movements, parties and programs put together.

EDWIN CUNNINGHAM

CHICORY CORNERS VIEWS CANADIAN ELECTIONS

"Pipe down," said the counterman, smilingly, as I edged through election night throngs across Chou Plaza and into the Connaught Cafe, on the corner of Ale Street. "I told you so," I chortled in glee. "Give me Liberty and a better cup of java for a nickel. There ain't gonna be a tariff no more."

Politico-psycho-analysis is the Chicory Corners name for a new branch of social psychology which a New York professor calls sociometry. Premier-elect Mackenzie King just at the moment was claiming a victory for "personal liberty." Well, it's up to him now. Yesterday I crossed my fingers and voted just like a regular citizen, but I voted with the united Socialists and Communists against the odious "Section 98" of the Canadian criminal code under which Tim Buck was incarcerated several years in Kingston penitentiary. Out in Winnipeg Buck ran a close second as Communist candidate against the winner, A. A. Heaps, Socialist.

What if Everett O. Hall, C. C. F. candidate in the Chicory Corners constituency did run fourth in a seven-candidate field!!! More than 3,000 people were not afraid of the Bolshey-bogeyboo that the old parties spread around. What if Huronopolis did return a "Bennett candidate"!!! Social Credit voters nearly defeated Mr. Bennett in his own Calgary riding.

But your space is limited, Marcus Graham. Let me put it all briefly. Bennett, the "compulsion neurotic" who like all dictators was a dictator by reason of psychological determinism, leads a weak opposition in the next Canadian parliament. Canada did vote with a three-to-one sweep for the Liberals because Bennett was dictatorial.

Social Credit with a dozen or more elected federal members from one province alone, 17 in all, is a young and virile third party. Douglas, the economist, couldn't possibly have propagated the movement as rapidly as Aberhart, the evangelist. Forget Aberhart's Bible religion and prophetical buncombe and see in him a humanist and humanitarian and a lover of liberty. Give everybody enough food and a modest shelter and then start in to worry about politics, if you want to. Only when physical hunger ceases can we sanely face higher problems. And from its surplus stores of wheat and barley, touched mines of coal, the province of Alberta is going to do just that. Wheat and coal have utility values. Gold and silver haven't.

Miss Agnes Macphail, outstanding Canadian humanitarian, advocate of prison reforms, unflinching pacifist and opponent of capital punishment, was again elected in Ontario on a United Farmer and Labor platform.

Forget, if you please, that Agnes as a devout Latter Day Saint (Reorganized branch) believes, or is supposed to believe that the Amerinds are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Far better, and that a good heart the Anglo-Israelite theory which somehow usually runs along with decadent Yankee or flag-waving British, Tory-Hamiltonian voting ideals!!!

The C. C. F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) only got eight seats but the C. C. F. leader Woodsworth is not the flowery orator that Mr. King is. And anyhow, most of the C. C. F.'ers are rather narrow-minded state socialists. Mr. Woodsworth himself joined in the paranoid clamor against "Russian bolshevism" that so intrigues the Tories. Mr. Heaps insisted on running against Tim Buck but since he won the seat he has the best right to it. Capitalist parties also ran—far behind.

But what of the much touted new Reconstruction party led by Hon. Harry H. Stevens? It will have exactly one member in the next parliament, Mr. Stevens himself. The tide turned cold against "Reconstruction." The Stevens cry of "tax the rich man" didn't bring the anticipated results. It's just possible that the long-suffering people are opposed to taxing anybody.

Please Mr. King, remember your victory for a "personal liberty" and will you kindly ask your new post-master-general to give MAN! front door entry into the Canadian mails and save Marcus Graham the trouble of disguising my copy by folding it inside pages from Mr. Hearst's yellow journals. Attaboy William!

NEIL TURNSPUR

SPARKS OF PROGRESS

Chain Gang System. William S. Cox of New York declared at the annual congress of the American Prison Association held last October at Atlanta, Ga., that the chain gangs of Georgia are "the dirtiest and most foul-smelling cage wagons imaginable." Dr. Nathaniel Cantor, penologist, declared that "the Georgian chain gangs are the most bestial elements in the American prison system."

Townsend Plan's Real Blessing. Whilst the $200 a month checks for those over 60 is still a long ways in coming, the Congress of the Townsend followers held during October at Chicago revealed that the movement is doing wonderful,—for its promoters..... During its 15 months existence it gathered $636,795.32 and spent 585,-446.42. Dr. Francis E. Townsend received $7,532.75 including expenses, and R. E. Clements, national secretary received $7,517.22. Lesser officials received the balance.

Believe It Or Not. Spoke Secretary Hull before the Pan American Institute or Geography and History held in October at Washington:

Knowing the sincere devotion to the cause of peace of the governments.... of the Americas, I am confident that I speak for all when, in the name of our 21 nations, I say that we are determined to keep the peace and we call upon the rest of the world to do likewise.

and the government of this "glorious" land proves its sincerity by spending now more on armaments than any other existing government throughout the world....

The Patrons of the Arts. Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury, whom the government is suing for millions of income taxes has a $10,000,000 Trust Deed for the construction of a national art gallery at the national capital. We suggest a name for it: Andrew Mellon's Thief-Cheating Art Gallery.

Government and Graft Everywhere. Former Premier Alejandro Lerroux of Spain, resigned as foreign minister, as did also Juan Jose Rocha, minister of education. The cause was an indictment of eight leading government officials of their radical party in accepting bribery for gaming concessions.

Jehovah's Witnesses Brought to Earth. The town of Secaucus, N.J. has at last placed itself on the map. It has ousted two children of a Rizzi family because they had refused to salute the U.S. flag. The mother of the two children refused to budge before the authorities, since her creed, as a member of Jehovah's Witnesses, forbade allegiance to any flag. Another simiilar case took place in Lynn, Mass.

A school teacher, Grace Estep, in Pittsburgh lost her job for refusing to salute the flag, without even being a member of Jehovah's Witnesses....

What Is This World Coming To? Dr. John L. Tildsley, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in New York City, declared on October 19, that:

The Star Spangled Banner (is) too militaristic to be sung by high school students.... It would be incongruous to have a peace meeting begun with singing of bombs bursting in the air.... I don't think there is any lofty sentiment involved in the national anthem, nor is its air good music.

Courts and the Bible. Supreme Court Justice W. T. Collins of New York denied an application of the Free Thinkers of America to strike out the answers of the Board of Education upholding the use of the Bible in the public schools, hymn singing and the use of public schools for religious and racial purposes. The reasons for refusal are a masterpiece of illogic, hypocrisy and evasion. Says the "learned" Justice: "Suppose it were read in an English class as an example of pure (?) English; Suppose that instead of reading from the Bible, there were readings from Shakespeare or Keats, or Shelley, or Voltaire or Thomas Paine?"! ! ! !

Heroic Rulers. Haile Selassie, Ethiopian ruler, will have a double when he finally goes near the battle-front. Selassie will "remain in a protected position while the army is attacking," reads the news story. Benito Mussolini is even wiser, he is staying safely away from the battlefield, thousands of miles....

Meet The United Front For Peace. On October 25 New York City witnessed a Peoples' March For Peace in which marched Negro Swordsmen in black uniforms, all sorts of communist organizations and 2000 followers of "Father Divine" with a sign: *Peace—Father Divine is God"*, and other church followers.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Trexler urged the Lutheran Convention at Paris to join the Communist Youth's call to fight wars.

Justice Must Remain Blind-Folded. The new statue of Justice selected for a new courts house at Newark has drawn the ire of Federal Judge Guy F. Lake. Said he:

This figure of Justice smacks blatantly of Communism.... In that figure I do not see the spirit of Justice, but the spirit of ruthless confiscation.... I.... stand by the classical conception of a blind-folded Justice....

When Jail Doors Are Opened. Poland is to free many prisoners since the jails fit to hold 50,000 are now holding 10,000 more.

Of All Things!... The mayor of the most crimeful-ridden city in the world—Chicago—comes forth in the role of a protector of decency, by closing the stage production of Erskine Caldwell's true-life picture of white people in the South, "Tobacco Road." And Henry Ford's city—Detroit does likewise.

An Editor Of Courage. The new anti-sedition law of Alabama was met by Julian Hall, editor of the Dothan *Daily Eagle* with this ringing challenge:

We advocate the overthrow of Alabama's government by violence. We urge the citizens to arm themselves with sillalahs, set out for Montgomery and whale hell out of the members of the legislature who voted for the anti-sedition bill. We advocate that they be chased out of the historic and chagrined old capitol and back to the dunghills of their barnyards.

Machine Progress. From 1927 to 1934 there were 7,839 miners killed and 1,200,042 injured in the coal mines of Great Britain. Americans killed in automobile accidents since 1920: 388,936!

Corporations and Honesty. About one in every 5000 of the wires sent to Washington against the death-holding company bill, was genuine.

Crime and Government. The killing of Dutch Schultz, famous booze racketeer, revealed that his gang cashed in close to ten million dollars within seven years time. A great part of the intake went for oiling politicians and law upholders.

Coughlin on all Fascist Fronts. When a bona fide union of automobile workers began to show independent militancy, the justice crier, "Father" Coughlin, appeared as a speaker sponsoring an opposition company union. Not long before that he began the formation of anti-communist clubs throughout the country. Just now he is pleading the cause of the liberty league to let the thieves of the country reign galore.

Radio Joins the Press Fraternities. Charges that station W.L.W. (the largest in the world) has been issuing orders to its broadcasters not to make any *"references to strikes"* have been made by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Money Aplenty, To Break Strikes. The Los Angeles Railway Corporation spent $350,000 to break the last car strike. Captain of Police Wm. F. Hynes, notorious red-squad thug, received $7,393.68 for his 21 days of dirty work

BERT HILLSIDE

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

A "Breathing Spell" For Whom?

The real significance attached to the declaration of Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of Commerce lies not so much in what he said, except for it being an admittance of what the critical minded knew to be the fact all along.

Listen to the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Roper:

. . . the basic program of reform has been completed . . . Every effort must be made to guarantee all business their proper and profitable place in our economic system . . . As long as we maintain our present capitalistic system, and it will be maintained, no obstructions or detterents must be permanently set up to prevent fair and reasonable profits.

The declaration of Mr. Roper was of course met with joy in every circle where there dwells an idler who lives upon another man's toil and effort. As a matter of fact tho, Mr. Roper but corroborated what the financial pages of every daily newspaper have been proving day by day ever since the collapse of 1929. Every move made by the administration of Mr. Roosevelt has been one of consolidating and strengthening the present structure of man exploiting his fellow-man.

The profits of every corporation, every factory, every store has been leaping upwards to the high water mark of 1929. Capitalism has never had a better friend and servant than M. Roosevelt, even if some of the capitalists are foolish enough not to appreciate this in full. Every "reform" of the Roosevelt administration is, in reality, but a move for aiding in the perpetuation of the present system of coercion and exploitation.

The only shameless lie that we can find in the utterances of Mr. Roper, Mr. Roosevelt and company, lies in the attempt to make the exploited and suffering people of the country believe, that, by all the acts of solidification in behalf of the robbers of the country they, the suffering ones, have been and are being helped too.

The rehabilitation plans of Hopkins, Ickes and Tugwell are but meager, limited patch-reforms that never have really attempted to deal with the fundamental needs of all the people. Whatever limited aid their schemes will bring, are but going to effect a small minority of the middle class. The more than ten millions still unemployed will not be effected thereby. These will continue to subsist on the doles now handed out to them.

The old-age security dole cannot aid those below sixty years of age. And the unemployment-insurance act will not effect the millions of jobeless at all.

The methods of Mr. Wallace in destroying and limiting production that the needy people are being deprived of, is the most shameful commentary on the real doings of the present "new deal" administration. No greater crime could be imagined.

Perhaps by now most of the well-meaning people of the country who have been shouting hurrahs all along for the "new deal" will begin to realize that the new deal of Mr. Roosevelt has given them as little as Mr. Hoover would have likewise been forced to give, or have faced a revolution.

Will the great mass of the people again be buncombed by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hoover, or any other politician? If so, that much more the pity for the continued suffering that they will be subjected to.

A country rich enough in resources to live in splendour, if our lives would be co-ordinated on *cooperation* instead of exploitation, *voluntary association* instead of rulership by the gun and jail, such a country is allowed to be exploited and ruled over by a few, with the tacit approval of more than a hundred million beings!

Ours could be a joyful life, if we would only begin to depend not on politicians and misleaders, but upon ourselves, to make this most of all possible dreams, become a reality.

The breathing spell we look forward to is one that shall denote freedom for every living soul to cooperate in making life denote happiness, not in exploiting and ruling any single human being, which in turn, but creates continuous misery and suffering for the multitudes.

Two-Faced Justice

The state of society, its mentality, its measurement of justice and decency, its sincerity and uprighteousness, was never more flagrantly revealed in such utter nakedness—than in the manner which it has accepted, and even greeted, the return of the former Mayor of New York City, Jimmy Walker.

Readers will recall that his emminence, the former Mayor of the metropolitan city of the country, was accused of being a participant in fraudulent deals that enriched him to the tunes of millions of dollars hidden in secret safety boxes of various banks. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the then Governor of New York, himself a democrat, as Mr. Walker, was forced to demand his resignation, after acting as sort of a judge on the matter involved. Mr. Walker was not only forced to resign, but fled the country. His brother, Dr. Walker, fled long before him, as one of the accused partners in the crooked deals. Three years have passed since the eventful exposure of Jimmy Walker. In the meantime, his friends were working to (?) clear his name, or rather prevent his being jailed on criminal charges that the Department of Justice has been holding out against him. Dame rumors finally made it known that the Department of Mr. Roosevelt's Justice has no objections to Jimmy Walker's return. Mr. Morgenthau, the secretary treasurer, declared that the charges against Jimmy have been dropped. Mr. Walker hastened to return to United States only to be amazed himself, at the scores of thousands of greeters and fellow-crooks, that came to welcome him back home.

Thus run the actual facts of a Song of Justice as enacted by the fraternity of the present system of Democracy.

The readers will bear with me when I will make a dashful jump from New York, clear across the continent, to San Francisco, Calif. The scene is a court house. The accused are real prisoners. They have been serving already nineteen years. But the judges are not judges at all. An appointed referee by the Court that is too busy to listen to the case, acts as judge.

Why the difference in the meting out of Justice?

The accused in San Francisco have not robbed a single human being of one penny in all their lives. Neither have they been Mayors of any size of a city. Nor have they been condemned as guilty by the present head of the United States Government. Their names tho are not Jimmy Walker, but Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings. They have been attempting to organize workers in order to gain better conditions. This and nothing else constitutes the greatest crime in the eyes of the dispensers of Justice in behalf of a dishonest system of society. What matters it then that the Judge who convicted Mooney and Billings, officials who perjured themselves, witnesses who were bribed into silence, honest fellow-fighters for justice, all such come forward day by day for the second consecutive month, proving the case against Mooney and Billings as one of the foulest of frame-ups ever concocted in modern history? What matters it when even the Seven Death Bearers of Social Justice, functioning as the Supreme Court of the United States, ordered the Supreme Court of California to render justice, and who in return laughed at the order, by appointing a referee to listen to the doomed victims of the Market Street Railway owners of San Francisco?

Oh, yes, I was speaking about the Department of Justice in reference to Jimmy Walker. No, the gentlemen of this department haven't made as yet a single move to apprehend the criminals involved in the framing of Mooney and Billings. Nor has Mr. Morgenthau, or any other cabinet member, uttered as yet one word that might aid Mooney and Billings to gain their justified freedom.

Such is the system of two-faced justice under which we dwell.

The real thieves and crooks are freed and honored to live in splendour galore. The sincere and honest men and women who enlist in the struggling cause for Justice and Equality of Opportunities for every living soul—face deprivation, persecution, imprisonment, death as Sacco and Vanzetti, or life imprisonment as Mooney and Billings.

But shall it ever continue to be so? The answer rests with those who can think and are willing to act as well.

The Outrage In New Mexico

In the June issue (editorial "Rampant Fascism in America) I commented on the plight of the unemployed in New Mexico. Starvation drove them to protest their misery and suffering in the open. The ever-ready watchdogs of the present system made a bloody attack upon the demonstrating workers, which resulted in the death of several unemployed and a sheriff, and in the wounding of scores of other unemployed. No one was arrested for the murder and wounding of the workers, but over thirty workers were jailed on the charge of killing the leader of the government attackers, Sheriff Carmichael.

Soon after the arrest of the workers the federal government got busy. Since many of the unemployed out there are natives of Mexico, the agents of "liberal" Madame Perkins began deporting scores of such workers, even without the so-called proscribed law that allows a victim to have a hearing behind the secret chambers of an immigration official, who acts as persecutor and judge at the same time.

The trial of the accused workers for the death of the sheriff ended last October. All the accused, except three, were acquitted. Juan Ochia, Manuel Avitia and Leandra Velarde were sentenced to 45 years hard labor.

We will not dwell on the lack of proofs that were presented against three of the most militant victims. We will grant, *for the sake of the argument,* that the three accused workers were guilty. But guilty of what? Where they the ones to attack first the watch-dogs of the exploiters? Not at all. It was the upholders of the "law and order" brigade that began to club and shoot upon the demonstrating workers. The workers, in self-defence, fought back as best as they could. And all honor to them for having had the courage to do so. Under these granted assumptions the three workers are but guilty of defending their lives. *But in the present society where plunder and rule reigns supreme a worker has no legal right to defend his life.* That and nothing else is the real meaning of the decision against the three workers in New Mexico.

What the plunderers and rulers of our lives do not realize is, that such decisions as the one rendered in New Mexico will not result in diminishing the inviolable right of workers to defend their life—when attacked—but, on the contrary, only aid in making them realize how necessary it is to be prepared at all times in defending themselves from those who are ever ready in wielding the club and the gun against them.

Law Upholders and Lynching

The white lynchers of the South continue unabatedly to furnish the thinking world with the most disheartening examples of brutality and inhumaneness of man toward fellow-man just because one's skin happens to be colored. The lynch spirit, which in reality is but an expression of the avengeful former slave-holding one, is bad enough when perpetrated by drunken or mad-gone mobs. The yet more disgraceful exhibition in all such orgies is the quiescence of the upholders of "law and order" to such mis_acts, and often even their own secret participation in them. After all is said, hardly a single lynching could take place if the law upholders would really care to use the murderous weapons that they so readily use upon striking and unemployed workers.

If the long established, and known to everybody, guilt of law upholders were not bad enough in itself, along come a Judge and Countey Attorney—after a lynching of two Negroes—and shamelessly condone the lynching! Because of the youthful ages of the two lynched negroes, Judge Hahn said that they *"could not be adequately punished by law"* and this *"prevents me from condemning those citizens who meted out justice to the ravishing murders."* And the County Attorney, Mr. Moore, said: *"I do not call the citizens who executed the Negroes a mob. I consider their action an expression of the will of the people."*

It seems to me, that both Judge Hahn and County Attorney Moore have done sort of a service to the cause and movement against lynching that they never had intended to. Their outspoken condoning of lynching is the strongest proof that even where law upholders do not actually participate in lynching orgies, the lynchers are well aware of the fact that the law upholders will not prosecute them.

Will Rogers

Death of any one cannot cause anything but sorrow, when untimely, or accidental as in the case of Will Rogers.

The movement that is on foot now to enlist workers in supporting memorials to be erected to his name makes it urgent that something should be said of all the things that were left unsaid by a Kept Press, that was only too glad to spill millions of words upon his death, and to spill that many more again for immortalizing him, at the expense of a befuddled populace.

I once saw Will Rogers do his famous cow-boy-rope act, intermingled with wisecracks on current events. I saw him in motion pictures. I read also his daily syndicated box.

When the late Governor Rolph of California issued a statement which actually led to the lynching of two youths, Will Rogers uttered not a word of protest. But when the same Chorus Girls' Governor passed away, Will Rogers wrote a most hypocritical necrolog about him. Neither has Rogers taken a stand when the same Governor, or any preceding Governor, denied Justice to Billings and Mooney.

On the greatest menace to the world's freedom—Benito Mussolini—Rogers wrote:

Mussolini . . . . the biggest man in public life. . . . He has done more constructive things for his country . . . than any 100 *men in any other country . . .*

These two example will suffice to show the true mentality and sense of justice of Will Rogers.

Will Rogers has at all times hob-nobbed with the rulers and exploiters of life. Here as well as abroad. To these he payed humble homage at all times. It is they who now labor so hard to "immortalize" him.

As to the cause of Justice and Freedom—that great struggle of equality of opportunities for life and happiness—that has enlisted the sympathy and approval of all the outstanding men of letters in every age and clime, all this left Will Rogers cold and indifferent, if not a tacit enemy of it.

The glorifying homage, inspired by a corrupted press that poisons the minds of the people, cannot make out of a wise-cracking clown of the rulers and exploiters of mankind, a man of letters. By attempting now to immortolize him, those who aid in it will only be immortalizing the mediocriness and insincerity of everything that the present system of chaos and injustice, hypocricy and insincerity stand for.

M. G.

* * *

The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks, never reasons; only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his neighbors, on his friends, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys.... If he is ordered off on a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor he fires without hesitation.—JACK LONDON.

MAN!

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MAN!

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A Marxian Faces The Charge Of Deviation From Marxism

Our genial and versatile comrade and fellow-worker, V. F. Calverton, has turned out to be a "bourgeois atheist" —according to the true rendering of Marxian scripture. So we are informed by one of the faithful who seems to have the *right approach*—(Felix Morrow: "Gods and Society," in THE NEW INTERNATIONAL, January, 1935.)

Now this is bad news. Another *proletarian* thinker and leader gone wrong! We have watched Comrade Calverton's career, and followed his literary flights, sociological interpretations and political plights with interest. We recognized in him a brother atheist—and we were under the impression that he was a sound revolutionary proletarian atheist. When we last heard him in debate with those rank reactionary scissorbills and social fascists, Von Kleinschmidt and Chester Rowell, in Los Angeles, he always took the opposite side on every question regarding control of the working-class. And we naturally supposed he was O K—a genuine class-conscious atheist of the old school, dyed-in-the-wool and guaranteed not to shrink or fade into yellow or pink.

But it seems we were mistaken. Calverton's brand of atheism was plucked from the "Golden Bough"—when it was hanging low. Hence it is of bourgeois origin. Ergo, it is not Marxian atheism. It isn't Kosher.

No doubt there are many kinds of atheism—and some we never even heard of. But the *bourgeois* variety is the lowest form yet discovered, judging by the character of the bourgeois God—the highest product of that hated class, and the most malignant Parasite ever conceived to prey upon the workers. And bourgeois atheism is nothing else than *parasitic* atheism. Now if our Comrade is, after all, only a parasitic atheist, something ought to be done about it. He must be shown the folly of his ways of thinking, and brought back into the fold of pure Marxian atheism. Let us try to analyze his alarming situation and liquidate his mistakes—in the light of the established principles of Dialectical Materialism:

If an atheist is one who does not believe in any god at all, a bourgeois atheist must be one who does not believe in the bourgeois God—and a Marxian atheist one who does not believe in the Marxist god. Q. E. D. Now it is clear that Comrade Calverton cannot be at the same time both a bourgeois atheist and a Marxian atheist: any more than he could be both a Communist and a Socialist, or a Stalinist and a Trotzkyist, at one and the same time—no matter how much he tried to do such a stunt. Therefore, being proven and labelled a "bourgeois atheist," he is not a Marxian atheist—that is to say, he is, by definition, *not* one who rejects the Marxist god!

If the Comrade bowed and worshipped the bourgeois God—or the Golden Calf—obviously he could not at the same time do proper homage to the economical god of Karl Marx. The propositions are mutually exclusive. And conversely, if he renounced the Tyrant in the skies as a mere remnant or survival of savagery, he could not at the same time turn away his heart from the mystical Marxian Hope for World Salvation. For, in that case, there would be nothing left for him to live and agitate for: and that would be in violation of the Sacred Oracles of the Socratic-Hegelian-Marxist-Leninist Materialist Dialectic. According to the Magic Formula of which it is Decreed that where there is the Thesis (God), and the Antithesis (Marx), there must follow a Synthesis—the Dictatorship of the Proletariat:—a necessary conclusion, admitting of no question, and from which there is no escape: accepted and proven (to their own satisfaction) from the words of the Prophet, by Marxians of every kidney and pretension, revolutionary or Revised by Neo—, Semi—, and Pseudo-Marxians—Right, Left and Centre: officially ratified, adopted and established by the Bolsheviks in Russia—and transformed into the bureaucratic State *(under the dictatorship of the Secretariat.)

(Consult the Gospel according to Marx—Done into Russian, Modern Style, by Comrades Lenin and Trotzky. Unauthorized Version, edited and brought down to date by Jos. Stalin, Gen. Sec., etc. Author of the 5 and 10 Year Plan of Salvation, and General Director of Collective Executions.)

This Synthetic Creation, the anarchist disrupters who falsify history pretend, is a Blanquist concoction to muddle the minds of the workers, and sound the deathknell of freedom in the world—a historical fiction of middle-class origin, invented for tactical purposes, and sponsored by the betrayers and mis-leaders of labor under the guise of Socialists, or Communists—one of the inevitable *contradictions of Bolshevism,* or Socialism in one country. It is, nevertheless, at the same time, a necessary phase in economic development—not only for the overthrow of bourgeois gods and captains of industry, but also to lay the material foundations for autocratic rule in the New Social Order that must arise out of the ruins of Capitalist society.

Thus, if we have made it clear that on the first article of the Creed, Comrade Calverton must be held free from the taint of heresy, we may vote to sustain his report on the bankruptcy and failure of the gods—and goddesses—of the past, without bringing up the questions of his scholarship and regularity. But the Comrade, it appears, has gone astray on his sources—he fails to point out how the bourgeois God is to be disposed of on economic grounds. Aye, that's the question! Here it is he falls into ideological error and confusion.

Let us consider the point *dialectically.* Having been produced for profit under capitalist exploitation, like all other commodities God is, of course, subject to the economic laws governing production and distribution. But He is at the same time the Supreme hypothetical Head of the capitalist world; and His rule presents itself historically as a progress—as an advance from primitive polytheism ("One capitalist always kills many." —Marx's CAPITAL, p. 788)—and as a necessary phase in the economic evolution of the Universe. His overthrow, therefore, is not to be accomplished by the isolated efforts of individual thinkers or brilliant bourgeois intellectuals, but by the mass action of the united workers of the world; and can only come about when the Productive Forces of society have finally found their full development and expression, and the shell of the capitalist system collapses —in accordance with the laws of Historical Materialism.

It will thus be seen that it is not enough to forswear the false God of bourgeoisdom, and plot for His destruction. We must understand the *historic role* of the Supreme Being of upper-class invention, Who constitutes an actual factor in Production in the form of a social force for class domination and oppression of the unenlightened masses.

These are serious charges that have been brought against a stalwart old Bolshevik apologist and worker —who has been such a faithful fighter in the Cause with his prolific pen. Calverton is openly accused by a competent Marxian critic—who is skilled in The Dialectic, and stands high in the *Defense Mechanism* of the party —of being "hopelessly undialectical" and *logically contradictory in* his book of 300 pages about religion ("The Passing of the Gods"—written for bourgeois sale and consumption,-and published by a capitalist concern.) And what is worse—he is "ridden by the *genetic fallacy*" (which is the antithesis of the Marxian fallacy.)

Now this will never do. It is not only a serious deviation from the Correct Line—due to an improper orientation: it is *Renegacy!* Such counter-revolutionary attitudes are not to be tolerated within the militant ranks of the ancient orthodox venerable Musty Trotzky movement to overthrow capitalist rule in America and the Stalinist regime in Russia—and acquire working-class Control.

Such uncritical revisionism, such opportunistic reformism—in flagrant contradiction to the tenets of Marxism-Leninism, in violation of the principles and practice of class-conscious revolutionism—is fraught with danger to the working-class; and might lead to the undermining of the accepted *Cannons* of authority, and bring into contempt and ridicule the true gods and saviors of mankind—the ordained Dictators of the Proletariat.

Comrade Calverton must be disciplined. He should be taught to think straight, and to write according to the dictates of the makers of party policy. He must be forced to recant—to renounce his devotion to the Genetic Fallacy, and to cease flirting with the bourgeois sirenes of the Higher Verbalism. And if he is recalcitrant, and persists in holding to the despised doctrines of the unenlightened academics in literary criticism—in hanging on to the *Golden Bough,* and chasing after the Golden Calf—he should be brought before the Chief Priests of the Opposition in the Presiduum of the 4th. Comintern, and made to *capitulate.*

As a revolutionary class-conscious proletarian—or as a fellow-traveler along the fringe of the United Front with the *Inellectual Workers of the World*—Comrade Calverton must be made to stand trial, and prove his right to live and propagate for the dethronement of the uneconomic gods of the heathen and the enforcement of the orthodox Faith of Militant Marxian Atheism.

With apologies to Sidney Hook (a Marxian) and Karl Marx (who rejoiced among his friends in London: "Thank God, I'm not a Marxian!"—after hearing them wrangle over "Marxism").

JOHN DARMSTADT

* * *

The above essay was rejected by every Marxian publication of this country, including that of which Calverton himself, is the editor.—G. M.

*Having played its necessary role, and fulfilled its Historic Mission—as a Slogan for the capture of political power—the Doctrine of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" will be abolished by Decree— *when the State withers away* (according to the Promise and the prophecy.)

Reflections On Anarchy

A correspondent sends me a very kindly note to say that "your allusion to Anarchism has greatly troubled me." So he sends two pamphlets ("to enlighten you respecting the beautiful teaching of Anarchy." I am writing away from the files of the DAILY HERALD, and cannot remember the loosely worded sentences to which this writer refers. For it must have been loosely worded, because I so entirely agree with him that Anarchy is a "beautiful" philosophy of life. It is not merely beautiful, for it is also the only logical creed that can appeal to a properly trained mind. It is not the careless thinker, the wild theoriser, who can appreciate the profound ideal of a society of men living without policemen or laws or regulations, and all the crudeness of social machinery which the uneducated person hastily imagines is an essential part of a civilized state. It is the millionaire, and the professional politician, and the king of a cannibal island who all believe that laws and despotism are a necessary part of life.

The millionaire is rarely a man of very delicate tastes—he is usually soiled by money making. The professional politician is obviously not a man of taste—people of taste don't get into the House of Parliament. The tastes of the particular kind of king referred to are distinctly peculiar. The educated man is revolted by the thought that men and women are such ill-mannered beings that they can only be kept in order by a system of rules which might be fairly tolerable inside the boundary walls of a lunatic asylum. I can imagine a reasonable man thinking that there are so many lunatics and financiers, lazy gentlefolk, at present in the world that it may be necessary to continue a system of laws until we have got rid of them all or reduced them to some kind of social discipline. But it seems utterly preposterous that anyone of education could believe that these temporary laws can be part of a permanent and ultimate ideal of life.

At the back of every law is the element of coercion. It is impossible to escape from that fact. One may argue that it is coercion for the good of the coerced. But then we get to the further fact that if it is necessary to coerce a person for his own good, then we are dealing with a person who is of such an inferior type of mind that he cannot reach his own good by the use of his own intelligence. So that if the coercion is not merely pure despotism it is something almost as bad—the driving about of helpless human sheep. In other words, a system of laws can only be necessary if we must put up with the presence of tyrants or the continuation of incompletely developed citizens. No rational being can surely assert that either alternative can be the basis of an ideal life. If that be admitted, one finds oneself in the position of being compelled, whether one likes it or not, to admit also that Anarchy—thas is the absence of law—is the only possible ideal.

It is quite useless for our governing classes to try to attach superficial meaning to the word Anarchy to suit their own convenience. They try to pretend that the only Anarchists are people who manufacture bombs and explosives of various kinds. There are more Tories and Liberals at this moment engaged in the manufacture of explosives than there have been Anarchist explosive manufacturers since the world began. There is a State department especially engaged in the production of naval weapons of destruction in every so-called civilized country. Mr. Winston Churchill is at present engaged in the activity of such a department in England. There is also a military department of violent anarchy in every State. But these are not the true Anarchists. They believe in laws and coercion. But my corresponding Anarchists, I note from the card he enclosed, is a musical bachelor of one of our great universities. All the men and women of my acquaintance who profess Anarchy as their ideal are the very persons to whom I would most willingly trust my purse and my life.

I believe there are Anarchists who occasionally put bullets through the bodies of their political opponents. I don't think it is a good practice, for I would reserve a worse fate for despots; it would be more disagreeable to them to make them suffer the more lingering horrors of the despotism which they have inflicted on others. But if there are a few extreme Anarchists of this description, there are, on the side of the law and order men, thousands of persons who have taken human life in their factories and workshops and slum dwellings. It is not nearly so inhuman to stick a knife suddendly and successfully into a man's heart as it is to overwork him day after day and underpay him week after week, until life is a misery and death a happy release. If Anarchy is physical violence, then the Anarchists are our successful manufacturers and victorious generals and patriotic admirals. And the sooner we tell these lawful gentlemen what we think of their morality the better for the welfare of the Community.

But to get a clear statement of what the serious reformer desires. He does not have any love for law except as a disagreeable and temporary phase of social evolution. He does not like laws, and he intends to do away with them as soon as possible. Let us turn the tables on these professional politicians and professional lawyers; and tell them quite plainly that the huge bulk of their laws are not for the protection of the lives and property of the majority of the people. They are for the protection of a few people who have stolen other people's property. If the army and navy and the police were abolished tomorrow all over Europe there would not be any more criminals than there are today. But it is probable that there would be far fewer millionaires. That is why the ruling classes are always preaching the advantages of law; it is a convenient machine for their despotism, and must always remain an essential part of despotism. Whereas, the freer men are, the better educated they are, the less need will there be for laws. That is the ideal of Anarchy.

G. R. S. T. in the "THE DAILY HERALD"
London, England.

* * *

The blue-prints prepared during the last ten years for the need of war, as a basis for annual appropriation, do not call for a single battle on our land, nor naval engagements in our waters . . . They call for 3,000,000 of our young men across the sea to engage in a war somewhere else. That is not national defense. That is offense. United States is spending more money getting ready for war than any other nation.—U. S. Senator GERALD P. NYE.

Poems

Poems are things man saith
Before he starves to death.

LLOYD FRANK MERRELL

The Masses

The Masses, like asses
Like to be rode
They carry Bigotry
Along Ignorance Road.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

November

Red November, black November,
Bleak November, black and red;
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,
Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labors' hope and wrath and sorrow—
Red the promise, black the threat;
Who are we not to remember?
Who are we to dare forget?

Black and red the colors blended,
Black and red the pledge we made;
Red, until the fight is ended,
Black, until the debt is paid.

(INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY) RALPH CHAPLIN

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BOOK REVIEWS

MUSSOLINI RED AND BLACK *by Armando Borghi. Wilshart Book Limited, London, England,* 189 *pages,* $1.50

At the present moment the world stands aghast at the doings of Benito Mussolini. Who is this most modern monster? Whence does he come? What ideas, if any, does he represent? What are his objectives? An answer to all these quieries are to be found in the expose made by Armando Borghi.

Borghi goes far back and deep into the life and activity of Mussolini whom he knew personally. Having witnessed his gradual rise to power until finally forced to flee from his clutches, Borghi states frankly: "I ask to be forgiven if sometimes the anger aroused by delving in all this muck wrings from me a cry of indignation." Those who will read "Mussolini Red and Black" will easily forgive, if not condone in, the anger evinced by Borghi.

In this expose the reader will find a denouement of Mussolini that explains easily all his present acts of arrogance and infamy.

Starting out as early as 1922, Mussolini finds himself in Switzerland under arrest for the theft of a watch from a friend who took him into his home. A most significant incident in the life-career of Mussolini to bear in mind. For misappropriating belongings of ideological thoughts stand out most nakedly in this trenchent expose. Around and in the province of Mantua Mussolini, in his early age, "left a reputation for arrogance, drunkenness and boastfulness."

Can any one then wonder upon learning from the expose of Borghi how Mussolini when insignificant as yet in his ultimate role of a betrayer of his supposedly ideas for cold cash, lived with an Irene Desler, mostly on her own funds? Or that after obtaining his pay-off for treachery, he abandoned the said woman with the son he had born with her, and when finally entrenched as the tyrannical ruling-butcher over the Italian people he should throw the same Irene Desler into an insane asylum, and make his own "illegitimate" son disappear from life? . . .

Within Italy, the fire-eating plagiator of revolutionary phrases was known among the Socialist movement as having sold himself to Madame France soon as he began to change from his ultra-anti-war stand to that of a pro-interventionist one. But it remained for the very country to whose "merchants in death" Mussolini had sold himself, to bring into the open an expose of his treachery. This happened at the trial of Ernest Bonomini for the killing of a fascist emissary in Paris—Bonservizi. The attorney-general was declaiming about Mussolini's "disinterested efforts that Italy finally entered the war", and forth came the answer of Torres, the attorney for Bonomini. He declared: At the moment when the Socialist party of Italy was unanimous in its opposition to the war, the French government considered the matter at a cabinet meeting, and out of all the known Socialists of Italy, the French rulers knew that *Benito Mussolini* alone *could be approached and bought!* The first payment was 15,000 francs, and after that they allowed him 10,000 francs monthly. It was then that his *Il Popolo d'Italia,* avowed open interventionist organ, was started by Mussolini, as against the *Avanti,* the daily Socialist from which he was forced to flee as a renegade and traitor.

All these startling facts are well documented by Borghi.

Borghi also brings innumerable quotations from the writings of Mussolini that are totally at variance with those that he expounds now as the Napoleon to-be. The closing quotation from Mussolini's early writings is the most "prophetic" one, that someday, one hopes, will become most applicable to the end of his own career.

I believe that the act of a brave bomb-thrower *is more useful for the purposes of humanity than all the orders of the day and all the chattering that two hundred carcasses of* red cardinals *can make in Rome, who arrogate to themselves the right and the monopoly to rescue this poor, bewildered and suffering humanity.* (Il Popolo d'Italia, *Sept.* 8, 1918.)

The book of Borghi is the most thorough expose of the leading monster-charlatan of the world—Benito Mussolini— available to the English-reading public.

The expose has some shortcomings that do not though distract from the value of the work as a whole.

The material gathered is not arranged well enough, but scattered about somewhat incoherently. There are too many quotations from and about Mussolini. No emphasis is made upon the fact that most of the expressions used by Mussolini in his writings are in reality but the rankest sort of plagiarism. (Pp 92, 93, and 94.)

There is also such a dubious thought as this: "He (Mussolini) was subject to a disordered ideology. The fermentation of his brain pushed him toward a form of violence which seemed to relate him to terrorist Anarchism." (Page 23-24) Borghi should have clarified what he had meant to convey here, for such thoughts can easily be misused and misinterpreted by the enemies of anarchism.

The added chapter on Hitler had better be left out.

These few minor defects do not, as said already, distract from the significant expose of the greatest menace to freedom, incorporated in the carcass of Benito Mussolini.

* * *

LENIN LIVES *by Henry George Weiss.* 32 *Pages,* 25 *Cents. B.C. Hagglund, Holt, Minn.*

FIREBRANDS *by Juan Ortega, Wilder Bentley, Norman Macleod, Lawrence A. Harper and Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.* 5 *Pages. Burlington Chap Books, Phila., Pa.*

TWO POEMS *by Louis Filler.* 8 *Pages. Alpress Publishers, Phila., Pa., or from author—706 Girard Ave., Phila., Pa.*

The issue of propaganda in literature, dealt with heretofore in these pages, has now become almost a synonym for bad literature. And rightfully so. It need therefore not be pointed out again as to why no genuine literature can ensue from the creations of an artist who labors under the knowledge or illusion of having to inject propaganda of any sort in his or her works. Furthermore, paradoxical as it may seem, genuine literature can become *and is at all times* the most effectual weapon in the struggle for justice and freedom. One need but mention in the poetry field alone such names as Shelley, Freiligrath, Whitman and Sandburg.

Had George Henry Weiss not turned into a partisan of the communist faith in his poetry, he never would have penned stanzas as these:

Lenin! Lenin! Lenin!
revolution rising
workingclass battalions
girding to the fray.
Lenin! Lenin! Lenin!
organizing millions—
Lenism, Sword of Toil
Hewing out of the way.

(P.4)

We fling them into your teeth,
saboteurs, assassins,
counter revolutionists

.....

saying this for and this for Kirov,
for the Soviet Union
for the gay pay oo.

.....

(P. 30-31)

A poet must, first of all, have a sacred regard for the truth. Workers in Russia have fought, died and made the 1917 revolution before Lenin had even returned to Russia, and to idolize him, instead of the masses, is but a sacrilege. Likewise, it is far from true that the 117 executed for the death of Kirov were saboteurs and counter-revolutionists. Most of them were, as is already known by now, members, or former members of the Communist party.

Some day, I hope, Weiss will realize how far he has gone astray in his idolization of clay-idols, and once more create such inspiring poems of real revolutionary merit as the poem HEADS HIGH (P. 25-26) when he sings:

Stone, axe, and dungeon,
Thus the workers paid.
You who fight for the ages,
Be as unafraid.

Cross, rope, and fagot,
Water, rack and wheel.
Well the heroes faced them—
Let your strength be steel.

Hate, death, and prison,
These the rebels knew.
You the heirs of rebels
Must be rebels too!

George Henry Weiss is now ill from the sickness that comes so easily to undernourished workers. He needs moral and material aid and that is why a Committee of his friends have gotten out the pamphlet of his poems.

* * *

The five poems in *FIREBRAND* are (excepting the one of Ankenbrand, who falls into the same pit for which he denounces another fellow poet) very well written. Although coming from the pens of pro-communists poets, they are not all written in the propagandistic style so usual in the communist press. I even venture to assert that no orthodox communist organ would dare to print any of the first four poems.

* * *

The two poems of Louis Filler are written in free verse. Words become mighty swords in the pen wielded by Filler. The opening two stanzas of "SO MUCH I CAN" will give the reader an idea of Filler's powers as a poet:

I can laugh;
for life is a sad clown's jest for me,
written blindly, with blood and sunshine,
with pens of flesh and bone.
And if it is I who falter, I who fall,
running with fettered feet under the deep blue sky of knowledge
is it the less absurd? Should I laugh less?

So much I can:
but the spirit weeps and will not laugh.
And when it has starved a long time silently,
and groped and wondered,
and clung hoping,
and waited;
then unreasoning anger, intolerable anguish, then—
the flames of an insurrection!
and thin fists beating against fleshy walls of my barracks,
and the cries of a thousand longings,
demanding . . . . demanding . . . .

The quotations ought to give an idea to the reader as to what is meant when speaking about propaganda in art. Filler does not inject any obvious revolutionary talk. He depicts life, the life of a feeling soul in an unjust world, and his poem becomes in turn, a genuine revolutionary poem and good literature at the same time. In the person of Louis Filler we have an unique and most forceful singer of rebellion.

Only 306 booklets of the two poems were published and there is no reason why lovers of good literature should not garner every available copy that Filler has on hand.

MARCUS GRAHAM

For The Study Of Libertarian Ideas

If this brief statement shows the extent of the subject and perhaps the importance of preserving those materials, both in their original condition as far as preserved and accessible (collections of printed matter and documents) and in a careful description, on the basis of a amount of those original materials and other sources (traditions or recollections that I have either lived through or was told about), then perhaps my effort in that field will deserve a bibliographical announcement. It comprises for the *general history of the anarchist ideas* the following printed volumes:

Der Vorfruhling der Anarchie (Berlin, Verlag "Der Syndikalist," 1925, 235 pages.)

Der Anarchismus von Proudhon zu Kropotkin (ditto.—1859-1880-1927, 312 pages.)

Anarchisten und Sozialrevolutionare—1880-1886.—(ditto. 1931, 409 pages.)

And the four manuscript volumes, unpublished: *Die erste Blutezeit der Anarchie* (1886-1894) and other volumes, six of the approximately, in a similar format to the 1931 volume. It would be convenient to add a supplement containing numerous additions and corrections for the three printed volumes.

Added to the above there are printed volumes on special historic subjects, such as:

Bibliographie de l'Anarchie. Preface by Elisee Reclus (Brussels, 1897, XI, 294 pages.)

Michael Bakunin, Eine Biographie (London, 1896-1900, 3 vol. in folioform. 1281 pages, polygraphed in 50 copies.)

Michael Bakunin. Eine Biographische Skizze (Berlin, 1901, 64 pages. Epilog by Gustave Landauer.)

Miguel Bakunin. Un Esbozo Biografico (Mexico, 1925. 32 pages); another resume and other writings on Bakunin, and the volume of articles *Oeuvres* (Paris, 1895, XI, 327 pages; the historical prefaces to the *Works,* 5 volumes (Buenos Aires, Editorial La Protesta —1925-29); unpublished texts of Bakunin in *La Societe Nouvelle* (Brussels) 1894-96, etc.

Bakunin et l'Internazionale in Italia dal 1864 *al* 1872 (Geneve, Edizione del Risveglio, 1929; XXXI, 397 pages;) with preface by Errico Malatesta.

Miguel Bakunin, la Internacional y la Alianza en Espana (1868-1872) Buenos Aires, 1925, Editorial la Protesta 132 pages.

Documentos ineditos sobre la Internacional y la Alianza en Espana (ditto, 1932 (210 pages.)

I have written, besides, notes for the French translation of the "Confession" (1851) of Bakunin (Paris, Rieder, 1932) and I have written considerably since 1921 to examine the real character of that document.

And in unpublished manuscripts:

Suplemento to the biography, made up in 1903-1905, 4 volumes in folioform, coordinating the new materials (not intended for printing.)

Michael Bakunin, Eine Biographie, manuscript written in 1924-27 in accordance with the materials available at that time, an abridged form that does not reproduce the whole data of the biography of 1896-1900 and of its Supplement; 4 volumes of approximately 350 pages each, in case of publication would be enriched with new material which will be available to me by that time.

Michael Bakonine, in French, 1935, a large volume (unpublished.)

The life of Malatesta, Italian edition (New York, 1932.) German (corrected, Berlin, Der Syndicalist, 1922, 177 pages,) and Spanish enlarged up to 1923; *Enrique Malatesta. La Vida de un Anarquista* (Buenos Aires, Editorial La Protesta, 1923, 264 pages.) to which are added the articles written in 1932 after the death of Malatesta, two of which, appearing in La Revista Blanca, have been revised and reprinted as *La Vida de Enrique Malatesta* (with a preface by Federica Montseny) in the publications of that magazine (Barcelona 1933) 48 pages.) The above resume completes and improves the book that appeared in 1922 and 1923.

Elisee Reclus, Anarchist und Gelehrter . . . (Berlin, Der Syndikalist, 1928, 345 pages.) Spanish translation, enlarged, *Eliseo Reclus. La Vida de un sabio justo y rebelde* (Barcelona, library of La Revista Blanca, 2 vol. 1928, 1929, 294 and 312 pages.)

There is also a reprint of the *Jours d'Exile* of Ernest Coeurderoy (1854-55) with a biography (Paris, 1910-11, 3 vol.,) biographic studies and other writings of historical anarchist data in periodicals and magazines, such as *Freiheit, Freedom, Societe Nouvelle, Dokumente des Sozialismus, Archiv fur die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, Suplemento de La Protesta, Revista Blanca, etc.*

In manuscript from there is a volume on the *Historia de la Internacional y de la Federacion de Trabajadores de la Region Espanola* from 1868-89, a volume of 450 printed pages approximately, which will have to be revised, enlarged, and perhaps re-written if a new edition is made.

There are also unpublished texts of Bakunin, partly copied; also his oldest fragments preserved from 1865; the original of the texts of 1866 published in German in the Gesammelte Werke (Berlin, Der *Syndikalist,* 3 volumes) of which I have prepared the third (1924); writings in 1871-72 against Mazzini; the writings of the Jurassians, to Lorenzo and others dating from that time.

In short, there are many letters from the correspondence of the German anarchists J. Most and J. Neve prepared for a commented edition. There is also a long work on certain parts of the history of the secret societes between the time of Babeauf and the years after 1830. In short, there is a quantity of documents, letters and recollections, either personal or which were related to me by others, which would serve to furnish documentary evidence to some parts of the socialist and anarchist history if there were means for me to elaborate upon those works and publish them.

Under the circumstances, including my present condition, when the access to a part of my own collections and the access to the large libraries in other countries have become almost impossible for me, and when practically all the old and best informed Comrades pass away, without being able to record their recollections and explanations—even in this situation I am not without data, and I was able to publish a number of books from 1922 to 1931, due principally to the help given me by the publishing houses of the Syndicalist, La Protesta, La Revista Blanca and the Risveglio, (Geneve.) But now, since 1931, the possibilities of publishing historical editions seem to vanish. I believe that *objectively* it is a pity, since those of my friends and Comrades who for many years have helped me secure data, have done it to a great extent and are still doing it, in the firm belief that all that material will serve to preserve the history of anarchism free from inaccuracies and in a reasoned out coordination which will rise as much as possible above the legend, the rethoric and the superficiality. Not everybody, of course, needs, to learn all the details, which, besides, I have had to reduce considerably because of lack of space. But that is no reason for encouraging or imposing a penury that would make us to be satisfied always with legends and rethoric, whereas all other factions who claim to have a history took great pains to have that history made clear. In this connection, old and modern socialism is already being explored to an extent known by a few only. However, what anyone can easily realize is that in that immense socialist literature, anarchism is always shown as an aberration, as a dry branch, the total disappearance of which being often discounted by these authors, who predict the triumph of either their bolshevism or of their State-capitalist-reformation. That is what has been said and is being said in an enormous propaganda of the authoritarians which should not be ignored anymore than the free thinkers should close their eyes to the enormous propaganda of the clericals. Those who have some historical interest and look to the past, will be able to realize the work that has been necessary to put forth in order to free the memory of Bakunin and the Alianza from all the Marxist lies and perversions. In short, I am advocating a cause which none of the numerous militants I have known has opposed and which would find a wider support, no doubt, if our field of activities has not become so limited.

I have been reproached at times because those volumes are written in German, which is my native language. I have published them in German, because the Comrades of the *Syndikalist* of Berlin were the only ones in Europe in 1922 and 1924 who offered me the opportunity to publish those historical books, and they published them. That was no obstacle for Comrades Santillan and Orobon Fernandez, who learned that language and translated those books in part (the lives of Malatesta and Elisee Reclus, and several chapters of the historical volumes, etc.) and the La Protesta and La Revista Blanca publishing houses have given me at all times the opportunity to write of the anarchist history in their publications. Several Italian Comrades, such as Dr. Paolo Flores, Malatesta and Bertoni have made possible the volume on Bakunin in Italy (1928.) Before that, Elisee Reclus, urged me to publish the volume *Oeuvres* of Bakunin (1895) and the *Bibliographie de l'Anarchie* (1897.) It was for a short lived periodical, *L'Idee Anarchiste* (Paris; around 1923) that I wrote the first, very brief text of the historical volumes, which outline was shortly enlarged for the Suplemento del *La Protesta,* a rather large tract which was reprinted by the *Revista Blanca.* If anybody had proposed to me to publish the volumes in French and English, I would have written them all in those languages. But nobody ever thought of that, no translations have been made (with the exception of the Spanish) and I am not the one to be reproached if I took advantage of the only opportunity I had for publishing those books. I have always said that I would enlarge and revise the volumes for any translation as I did with the biographies of Malatesta and Reclus in the Spanish editions. What could I have done? The generation of these years has lacked the interest and I still don't see it awakened in any place, except among the Spanish speaking elements and among the German elements, now entirely crushed.

I had often suggested to the Comrades of the various countries that they and the groups help to make possible the publication of those unpublished manuscripts by taking advance subscriptions of a number of copies of the German books, which they would deliver to libraries, etc.; that would have encouraged the German publishers to publish those books sooner. Nothing was done, and thus, with the seizure of all the unsold books in Berlin in 1933, all those volumes of which no consignments had been made abroad, have become unavailable. Is it a satisfactory solution to see everything disappear and have nothing to worry about? I am unable to do anything in all this; I think only of a small detail which gives me a great deal of pleasure, and it is that Malatesta, who knew English, had taken it upon himself to get a working knowledge of the German language, and was able to read those historical volumes, as he wrote to me. Would those efforts be less feasable for the younger generations than they were for him? How many languages did I have to consult and refer to in order to gather the material of that trully international history?

I really don't know what to do with all that material, with those manuscripts as yet unfinished, which try to preserve the history of the anarchist ideas, an effort for which as recently as in 1924 there was an interest; in 1934 I hardly see any of that interest. In 1935 the Comrades of the *Guilda de Amigos del Libro* in Spain, are making

(*Continued on Page Eight*)

ART AND LITERATURE

This Is The Glorious Battlefield . . .

From one yawning shell-hole to the next, remnants of trenches wind over the wide-stretching wave of a hill. These battered trenches stretch for two miles and disappear in a wood; that is, a collection of splintered tree stumps. To the right they climb for a mile along a gentle slope and are swallowed up by a rubbish heap which is known as the "candy factory." In front of us, half right, the "country" glides until it reaches an extended confusion of scattered bricks and stones, the village of . . . Straight in front, but hidden from view by an incline lies what is known to headquarters as Y. Half an hour to the rear of us, just before the chief lines of defence, there remain three respectable-looking meadows fairly well preserved. Near them there flies a clumsy-looking but crippled German Tank that is night and day undergoing a thorough examination inside and out by our engineers. And on the horizon about 2 and one-half hours behind us one can just recognize the Regimental Headquarters where the field kitchen is halted at night.

Early morning, when the sun has chased away the mists, our whole world sparkles in white. But soon the crust of ice melts and everything around us is turned into a deep muddy slough out of which, here and there, alone or in sociable groups, nodules of earth suddenly poke thru and as quickly submerge again. Slowly the wind breaks up what remains of the murky screen. The ground clears and the dull thunder of guns rolls away.

For the past few weeks we have had the good fortune to be lying in an exceptionally quiet sector of the front.

Usually about noon the dull brown of this lonely forsaken earth fades away into the grey of a fine drizzling rain. We sit in gloomy resignation. Later twilight gradually creeps on and there follows a darkness of inky blackness unknown at home. At this Godless hour life at the front is renewed. Out of the pitch darkness of the night and the wallowing blackness of the earth comes new vigor and activity.

The men in the front line trenches, for days together, take two hours duty and two hours sleep, sleep .... three or four men in a hole not too filthy with slush, lying under wet blankets pressed close together so that they will keep each other warm; two more hours to be frozen, hungry and tired; the terrible monotony and boredom make them so indifferent to everything. They look out over the miserable strip of France, smoke a pipe of mouldy tobacco scratch themselves wounds from louse-bites, count the number of parcels they have had and think of home. Always cold, hungry, and tired.

We in the front line trenches take our weapons and crawl and creep very carefully and quietly fifty or sixty yards toward the German lines; split up and occupy shell holes and watch a long and anxious night through until the first break of dawn while our machine-guns, in staccato droning rhythm, pepper the enemy opposite. The answer from the German trenches vibrates warningly and screams about our ears.

We wait! We illuminate the enemy's lines with ghost-like fire crackers, shells that hover in the air like spluttering candles. We endeavour to ascertain whether the long-expected attack will compel us tonight to shoot high the red rockets as a signal to our artillery to erect an impregnable wall of death between us and the enemy, wipe out the Germans and decide the outcome of the war.

Meanwhile, all through the long and anxious night, thousands of men under orders behind us, dodge and bustle about in the dark trying to escape destruction: all the while exposed to bursting shells. Hand grenades explode among them and glittering fragments of shrapnel rain death from above.

In long chains the remainder of broken companies go gloomily into position while those who are fortunately being relieved at last dissapear as quickly as possible.

With their last ounce of strength, regardless of whips or spurs, horses drag munitions to the batteries. Men of the ambulance fall while searching the trenches. Odious smelling bodies are loaded on the wagon. For punishment we are given these hideous tasks.

Men of infantry and labor corps dig trenches hurriedly, twenty or thirty inches into the ground so that in case of bombardment there will be some little cover. Slowly, they dig themselves in. They are overdone after their twelve hours of grubbing in the earth, and weakened by the miserable food.

Heavy trucks rumble through the village along more solid ground which now has little resemblance to a road. Still far from "no man's land." Marching men in training and lastly the long-awaited field-kitchen whose thin soup and short rations of bread are carried by men stumbling and cursing toward the front lines. Out of the supply depot come hefty-looking stumps and forbidding rolls of barbed wire on bruised shoulders to be placed into position.

Artellery men are repairing telephone wires. They cannot find the source of trouble; become nervous; Stretchers with doomed bodies roll clumsily along toward the first aid station. Dogs gallop past howling mournfully . . .

Now and then, a cry in the night; the cause of which the sympathetic darkness keeps from our eyes.

One night troops emerged out of the darkness behind us. "Thank God, the relief has come at last" sang out our whole company with inoffensive and heartfelt thankfulness.

About 20 yards behind our trenches the "relief" begins to dig itself in. New battalions began to arrive. Along with three lance-corporals and a sergeant I receive a flame-thrower. We got them after our recent advance on the German lines. "We'll give them a doze of their own medicine," said the officer in charge. A great invention, this flame-thrower. When it hits the mark there is not much agony or pain. The subject is transformed immediately and enjoys the raptures of eternal bliss. So was it explained when we received our instructions.

At 7 o'clock in the morning as we crawl back into our trenches the dawn shows to us what happened during the night. Six charred corpses lie parallel from each other at intervals of about 10 yards.

Another time I was suddenly ordered to attack.

Terrible forebodings of the truth spread thru the whole company. Misgivings! I call my 53 men to me and tell them the news.

"Hm, it is exactly 7.03 now—at 7.30 we must attack."

With fear and suplication they look at me for a moment. Shoulders droop helplessly. The pale grey of fear creeps over their faces—something breaks down inside them, as if their last hope were gone, it seems to me—and after this one look none of them look each other in the face.

Only five recruits that I got to replace 26 men previously lost, were not badly affected. To them "attack" is just a word. They don't know what it means yet.

"Why—sure!" volunteered a hoarse voice.

"We must," I continued, "recover at least a mile of the ground in front of us, so it says in the order. This is underlined. Go, men, get your things ready a bit; at 7.30 I whistle, then over we go. Make a good job of it."

Now they know—everything.

Slowly, they troop back to their places.

With vacant faces, as if dreaming, they fill their field-bottles with drain-water to the brim, strap on their knapsacks, in which they stow away their iron rations, tobacco, and other necessities. Under any circumstances, when they are taken prisoner the belt must be thrown off quickly. This and that is packed up better. First aid outfits are put in coat packets. Some make loose their trench spades; bloodthirsty bayonets stare rusty and threatening from their scabords.

Old Peterson talks convulsively about his garden in which the roses will soon be in bloom. He has the most beautiful roses in the country from where he comes. When his boy has his birthday on the 12th of July he will be six years old . . .

Nobody listens to him.

I shake hands all around once more with—"so long."

"So long Lieutenant," they reply, and laugh so strangely—as if they know quite well that we shall not meet again.

Widofsky, a young Pole from Pennsylvania said: "We'd sure like to meet again—our Lieutenant was a regular guy."

I swallow a lump that comes into my throat.

"7.27,—get ready for attack!" I pass the word.

One of the recruits lights himself a cigar.

7.29.

Thirteen seconds to go.

I whistle . . . . . and we attack!!!

* * *

From the sugar factory over to the one-time forest, 2 miles to the left of us, a long line of erect soldiers in broad day-light; each in his greatcoat; they make one unbroken target. With rapid strides they advance against the determined ra-ta-ta-ta-t-t-t machine gun fire, that for a time went singing over their heads in swinging curves. The deadly hail of bullets soon drops a little and takes those in the front line with head wounds.

Undaunted they press forward.

I take a glance about me. The second wave rises out of the trenches.

Now we are almost . . . . . now we have recaptured almost 500 feet of the ground in front of us. The short time has seemed like an eternity.

With raw yells and malicious howls the advance continues, crashing and thundering booms bring a continuous rain of lead. Suddendly the broadside of shrapnel is halted. Not one half of those in the first wave of attack are left. And just as suddenly a hundred Hells break loose upon us. The ground is heavily mined. The mournful whine of exploding steel mixed with a flood of spitting hand grenades creates a devil's delight. A few seconds later it is obvious that the rest of the men are practically wiped out. The very earth, crushing, rumbling, and roaring, literally burst open and completed the horrible slaughter by swallowing up the advancing wave of attack.

I was violently thrown on my back into a shell hole. For some moments all my faculties became numb. Then I noticed stuck in the slime on the edge of the hole above was a high boot filled with the owner's foot and part of the leg. A raw-cut piece of leather-strap fluttered in the wind. The memory of a poem about a leg wandered all alone, alone and forsaken into the world faded weakly from my mind. At the same time I noticed that the shoe and foot lying there above belonged to me. The laces with a strap from my knapsack. Near the top of the left calf the blood-vessels rudely torn assunder.

Incessantly grew the raging storm, above and below the ground, hurling horrible missiles in all directions. From way back of the stage, smug commanders in certain security, continually drive them on into the chaos of new explosions and unknown nerve-racking destruction. Meanwhile more comrades reel into the shell hole, broken with fear. They stretch wide their arms like Indian penitents, lie down together, quarrel, disappear without knowing where or why, swallowed in the gigantic ectacy of the counter-attack.

Incomprehensible and terrible orgy of Sadism. Gaping wounds and millions of human nerves quivering with torment; the will to live almost stifled and choked out, muscles torn out and cut up, from which blood flows freely as if ejected from small pumps. Chalk dry thirst tortures rattling throats. Wounded lungs struggle vainly for air. Brain pulp and broken skulls are whirled about in the mad dancing mud of the earth, on which wallow bodies with vitals exposed, and slimy intestines steaming and smelling. This field of honor—this glorious field of honor that is like a dark grey shroud pierced with melancholy flashes, is covered with an evil-smelling vapor, humid and sultry; a steam of slaughter arising from the destruction of human bodies.

A lance-corporal with his head blown off staggers over my breast. In a moment the stump of neck has spurted out like a fountain and generously covered my tunic, transforming it into a bright crimson. I have great difficulty in laying the heavy body down beside me.

I am completely RED in more senses than one now.

From above airplanes swoop down droning with hate and at the same time hammer their machine-gun broadsides of lead-filled nails into the helplessness beneath them.

A flame thrower lies on the ground blazing with heat in front of the German lines.

And unceasingly bursting shells explode into thousands of shrapnel splinters that go whining thru the air. Meanwhile the gun-fire from the infantry buzzes cynically without a let up.

At last the reserves for attack were exhausted. And some time later the enemy's bombardment relaxed a little. It became a little less certain, and after a while only occasional mines go off. It is possible now to hear above the monotonous firing.

To hear the shrill voices of men shouting over the plain.

Perhaps you suppose, dear reader, that these sons of America, with stiff upper lips were shouting—"Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes," and with tears in their eyes, a last, "On to Berlin!" as it so often is shown in the newspapers at home?

No!!!

""Ambulance!!" "Ambu . . . . . lance."

That is the shout, the shout that covers the whole field, from quiet gasping whispers, swelling to the shrillest of agony calls, that come from scenes of such horrible torture that no other language or word can express.

"Am . . . .lance."

"Am . . . .bla . . . . nce"!!!

From nearby . . . . . "Oh Buddy, shoot me and finish it. Shoot me death, please, please, please, shoot me . . . . Listen, I'm giving you a direct order, shoot me and put me out of my misery . . . Listen, you, that is disobedience in face of the enemy . . . Oh Buddy, please be so good . . Here you have my watch and my pocketbook, take them and shoot me through the heart."

"My head! My head! Oh God, oh God my head! my head ..." they shout. Others vainly call "Help." Some curse horribly.

* * *

It suddenly occurs to me that I have a watch. It is 8.44.

A short distance away somebody is calling piteously for water. So pushing forward with my right leg and dragging the other crippled member, I slide on my belly to him. He drinks greedily from the bottle. I crawl on further, slowly, struggling to the last with the thumping pain in my legs and my rising fever, on, on past human-like lumps of charred remains. By their wide torn open eyes, and their glassy fixed stare as if they couldn't comprehend anything, I know that they are already dead. I stumble on more wounded lying as if in voluptous sexual embrace; they let out hollow groans. Soon both my water bottles are empty.

I come across Widofsky, the Pole again. With chaotic neatness, his genital organs have been torn from his body. "Oh, Lieutenant," he whispered weakly, a little ashamed and sad, "Oh Lieutenant, and I have never been with a girl yet . . . "

Gratefully he took a cigarette. He was a heavy smoker. Gently I stroke his hair and forehead, let my hand lay on his eyes. A little smile forms around his mouth and I plunge my bayonet into his heart. A gesture shook him as if he would sneeze; he is released and quiet.

I have committed a murder!

I dragged myself away from the spot a little. And there came along sergeant Werner of the 3rd Company. As he sat down beside me I noticed that he had his right hand shot away. "Hello Lieutenant," he greeted me, "where did you leave your leg? You see, I think my hand must be in the same place too."

From his torn pocket he took out his blodd-soaked hand and stroked it ternderly.

"It's a great relief anyway. Now I don't have to worry any more whether I am really an artist or not. Ha, ha, now I can turn a street-organ, with the left hand of course. For everything that I have and am I thank thee, Oh America."

Suddenly without warning he sprang up. "Adieu," he said and ran away, like one acting a part. He sang with insane joy, "Life is so beautiful, one must merely try to understand it, to understand it." The shock had evidently turned his head.

I gaze after him. In the direction where the German snipers are hidden. There over the enemy opposite our artillery strews generously brown-looking lung-destroying poison germs of our gas attack—a horrible reprisal for the previous massacre.

* * *

Somewhere in my back I suffer unbearable gnawing pains. My spine feels torn apart. Everything is becoming dark; my head feels empty.

* * *

Pale as marble, like a tombstone and as silent, the moon shines on the rails over which I get a horizontal view of no-man's land. I notice that I am being carried on a stretcher.

In a while I find myself lying in a field hospital. My left leg is amputated above the knee and shrapnel that I stopped is to be taken out of my back later.

Beside me lie three other American heroes in the room . . . serious cases. A first Lieutenant whose face looks like a squashed tomatoe, another who has been badly gassed and who is day and night delirous. Then there is Fred Baumgarten from my own Company—hips and thigh perforated with shrapnel wounds and his spine damaged. The lower part of his body is completely paralysed. It is not possible for him to clear his bladder nor evacuate his bowels. As often as he desires he may rinse his mouth with tea. In six or eight days he is starved with hunger. The staff doctor thinks that he will be grateful to have the innumerable injections and blood transfusions if only he can save his life. The poor devil is very glad he will now soon be able to eat again. The doctor has promised him a slice of salami for to day. A slice of salami! . . . . .

Last night I visited the commander of my regiment. He was quite contented and happy because he has only two bullets in his upper arm. "Besides," he remarked, as we began to talk of the recent attack, I would have got nothing if not for a ridiculous mistake. It seems that the General had allowed himself to become exhausted by attending a birthday party and so the battery that should have attacked with gas, received wrong orders.

This is the glorious battlefield . . . the field whose rewards are honor and glory . . . whose heroes would be just as brave and insane if they walked into the jaws of a meat grinder.

SARAH KREISLER

War

The bells will peal, the drums will sound, the clergymen will pray for successful slaughter—and the old story will begin. The editors of the daily press will begin virulently to stir up men to hatred and manslaughter in the name of patriotism, happy in the receipt of an increased income. Manufacturers, merchants, contractors for military stores, will hurry joyously about their business in the hope of double receipts.

All sorts of government officials will buzz about foreseeing a possibility of purloining something more than usual. The military authorities will hurry hither and thither, drawing double pay and rations, and with the expectation of receiving for the slaughter of other men various silly little ornaments which they so highly prize, as ribbons, crosses, orders and stars. Idle ladies and gentlemen will make a great fuss, entering their names in advance for the Red Cross Society, and ready to bind up the wounds of those whom their husbands and brothers will mutilate; and they will imagine that in so doing they are performing a most Christian work.

And smothering despair within their souls by songs, licentiousness and wine, men will trail along, torn from peaceful labor, from their wives, mothers and children—hundreds of thousands of simple-minded, good-natured men with murderous weapons in their hands—anywhere they may be driven.

They will march, freeze, hunger, suffer sickness and die from it—or finally come to some place where they will be slain by thousands or kill other thousands themselves, with no reason—men whom they have never seen before, and who neither have done nor could do them any mischief.

And when the number of sick, wounded and killed becomes so great that there are not hands enough left to pick them up, and when the air is so infected with the putrefying scent of the "food for powder" that even the authorities find it disagreeable, a truce will be made, the wounded will be picked up anyhow, the sick will be brought in and huddled together in heaps, the killed will be covered with earth and lime—and once more the crowd of deluded men will be led on and on till those who have devised the project, weary of it, or till those who thought to find it profitable receive their spoil.—LEO TOLSTOI

ANARCHISTS: THREE THAT HAVE PASSED

Wm. Shulman

The Radical Library group (Phila.) suffered one of its severest blows in the death of Wm. Shulman, one of the first pioneers who laid the cornerstone of the yiddish-speaking anarchist movement in Philadelphia.

To portray the character and person of Shulman is not an easy task because of his dual personality—that of a dreamer and social rebel. When he stood on the platform lecturing of Prometheus having been chained to a rock to suffer perpetual torture by the gods he dreamed of milions of his people being subjected to perpetual torture from social injustice. And when he treatised on the sacrifice which humanity has forever brought to unscrupulous rulers he visioned wise old Socrates as a symbol of great courage to suffer for convictions. Shulman lived in the new world and dreamed of the old. Modern history was to him a turned leaf of the ancient.

Nor could it be said that Shulman was that inflamed rebel who would be ready to go on the barricades to defend the anarchist ideal which was so dear to him. To him the ideal of a free society was not merely a medium of solving the material needs, as it is commonly understood. That would be too prosaic to Shulman. In anarchism he saw something of the sublime, something of the poetic —and perhaps something of the unattainable . . . Like the poet who sees the moon, the stars, the blue skies, so did Shulman look upon anarchism as a stellular cosmos in which a material world is not qualified to live. That perhaps accounts for the hidden skepticism he betrayed so often in the course of his frequent debates. Yet he possessed a great revolutionary spirit. His lifetime he devoted to the study of anarchist thought. Relentlessly and fearlessly he preached his adopted theory of a free society, based on freedom and equality for all. Like a true soldier he stood his post in the movement, lecturing, propagating and expounding the doctrines of Bakunism and Kropotkinism, as the only medium by which humanity could liberate itself.

Anarchism to Wm. Shulman was as sacred a document as the Koran is to an orthodox Mohamedan. Yet he refused to serve it with that zeal of fanaticism so common with religious disciples. Never would he turn a deaf ear to any theory or dogma propounded by an opposing faction. Always he stood ready and willing to exchange views with enemy or friend, on problems affecting human society. His bitterest antagonists would not dare accuse him of intolerance. Their opinions were as sacred to him as his own. Their arguments he met with counter-arguments, their logic with counter-logic, their criticism with counter-criticism, but always fair and unbiased was his method of disputing.

To all Comrades and associates Shulman was known as a scholar and, in his way, a great intellect. His schooling was not of the "diploma" pattern, to be sure, but—and it can be said without hesitation—his vast knowledge in the cultural field surpassed any of the scholastic training ever acquired by the professional dispensers of learning. In a humble way he went about in his studies, searching into all branches of knowledge and wisdom that makes up our culture and civilization.

Many a revolutionist of cultural eminence did the Anarchist movement produce in her various denominational factions. Shulman should have been one of them. Unfortunately for him, perhaps for the movement as well, the corrupted system of our economic struggle for existence which diverts many an individual from the pursuit he fits most, did not escape Shulman. Born in Russia in the year 1881, or thereabouts, he came into this land (about 1903) and, like all immigrants of his class, started in his first occupation as pants maker. The thirst for cultural development that was in him opened the field in the New World and he took advantage of it. But here is where the tragedy begins: Family environment, love for his children, and other circumstances that where beyond his control, forced him behind the counter of a grocery or cigar store, where day in and day out he was surrounded by a stench of herring and cigarette smell, which he detested, and which completely ruined the finer spirit that was in him. And so, the Shulman, whose voice should have been heard from every platform in the yiddish Anarchist movement, became an isolated figure in surroundings that was utterly strange to him and his revolting spirit.

His private life, too, was not a bed of roses. Like most people of radical or atheistic belief, he lived in a home atmosphere that did not harmonize with his idealistic convictions. A sad and miserable life he lived; yet he suffered in silence and complained to no one. A tragic figure rambling in a lonely world, that was Shulman. No wonder almost every thought he expressed lacked the optimism which people of ideals usually profess.

As he tragically lived so he tragically died. When on the sickbed to go under knife for an ailment from which he suffered the last few years, he realized the seriousness of his condition and called for some of his most intimate friends (the writer of these lines among them). There, within the four walls of his sick shamber, he conversed of approaching death . . . He spoke of the "Nothingness" to where every living creature is doomed, and beseeched his friends to take care his body shall be cremated. Into "Nothing" nothing shall go, was the way he philosophised. His friends were discreet, but gave promise for the wish to be respected. A dying man's wish is always respected. But alas, when the end came (Oct. 14, 1935) his wish was rejected in death as in life. Some of his immediate family relations not only would not grant him cremation but insisted on a burial with all the orthodox rites and garb-paraphernalia accorded a member of religious faith. Such sacrilege to a person, who all his life denounced the gods and demigods, his friends would not permit to go unchallenged and a fight to defend the honor of their dead Comrade begun. Fortunately, his son rose to the occasion worthy of the intelligence of his father. Recognizing the principles and ideals for which his father lived and struggled, he allowed his friends to take full charge of their dead Comrade. Shulman was at least laid to rest without religious ceremony.

Tragically he lived. Tragically he died. The Comrades who stood close to him will bear his memory in death as they respected him in life.

SAMUEL POLINOW

Casper Richman

On my arrival back to Seattle from the North Dakota and Montana harvest fields where I have been functioning as Delegate for the Agricultural Workers Industrial Union 110 of the I.W.W., I procured a copy of *MAN!* and noted you request more information on the Life and Death of Fellow Worker Casper Richman.

Fellow Worker Richman of Brainerd, Minn., and myself, spoke from the same platform together in the City Park of Brainerd. We divided the time between us. He scathingly denounced the Political State and Politicians of all types.

Fellow Worker Richman was an Artist and Poet; his drawings took a leading prize at the Minnesota State Fair.

He was a generous friend and humanitarian; and his Latch string always hung outside the door for all the anarchists and I.W.W.'s passing that way. All those who knew him admired and respected him for his manly courage and revolutionary idealism. Fellow Worker Richman was a Chef by trade, and a good one.

He was persecuted by both the American Legion and the Communists. The Legion threatening to mob him; and the Communists threatening to burn his house.

From information reaching me through a Fellow Worker who was back to Brainerd this summer, Fellow Worker Richman died in the Univerity Hospital in St. Paul, following a surgical operation—through neglect of the hospital attaches. He died as a martyr to his Anarchist— *I.W.W.* idealism.

His death is a real loss to both movements. He was hounded considerably by the officials of the capitalist State, and during the attempt to suppress MAN!—he was visited and severely interrogated several times by Postal authorities. (Comrade Richman had sent to the 1933 Bazaar for MAN! a box of Creyons from Germany. These came broken-up. They were returned, and the insurance payment contributed by him to MAN! The Post Office returned the box of creyons to our office, at that time in Oakland. The police, raiding the premises, a second time during April 1934, broke open the sealed box by the Postmaster of Brainerd, in the "hope" of finding incriminating "evidence" . . . —*Editor.*)

He donated a splendid set of books to the Work Peoples College School at Duluth, Minn., previous to his death.

We will not mourn, but let us all continue to build the Free Society of Labor for which Fellow Worker Richman gave his life's devotion.

As Ralph Chaplin so splendidly expressed it:

Mourn not the dead
That in the cool earth lie
Dust unto dust as all men must.
But rather mourn the apathetic throng!
The cowed and the meek
That see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak.

GUY B. ASKEW

Willy Muth

Willy Muth, one of the best German Comrades, has just been murdered by the Nazis. Who among the Rheinian Comrades does not remember this devoted and sincere Comrade with his deep human ideas? Was he not one of the pillars of the anarchist movement in the Rheinland? He has lived the heroic days of the armed and united proletariat who swore the destruction of capitalism. He has also known darker days and has fought as few ever did.

Willy was little known in the international Anarchist movement, but was a dear and daring militant esteemed and loved in the Supper Valley. From his father he inherited a revolutionary character and was alwas one of the first in the fight.

At seventeen years of age, understanding that war was a folly and a crime, he refused to submit to military services and was sent to jail only to be freed by the 1918 Revolution.

True to anarchist ideas and helped by some Comrades, he tried to create a large revolutionary movement. Meetings, manifestations, and strikes were spreading when in April 1920 came Kapp's coup d'Etat. Willy was the first to leave the factory, a few hours later the general strike had broken out.

Willy Muth and his Comrades armed themselves with three pistols and an old gun, with these they attacked a group of Reichwehr and captured a canister-shot gun. A draft of about eighty policemen armed to the teeth came to the rescue but barely escaped and let their weapons behind them. Willy and his Comrades then attacked the Elberfeld factory where the Reichwehr had barricaded themselves. An embittered fight started in which the Kohwinkel workers soon took part and attacked the factory by the other side. The factory was taken by a violent assault and the Reichwehr escaped and left the city. Elberfeld was in the worker's hands.

In other Rheinian places such as Hagen, Witten and Wetter, the workers took possession of the cities. They marched towards Dortmund and after a 24 hours fight were the masters. Bochum and Gelsenkirchen surrendered without resistance. The Reichwher police and a group of armed bourgeoise retired to Fuzen. Here at the city limits canister-shot-guns awaited the workers who flaunted death and seized the guns. Bloody fights started in the whole city even to the exit of the Chateau d'Eau. At 5 P. M. the city was taken.

Similar arrays took place in Mulheim and Duisburg. One week after Kapp's coup d'Etat a red army of 100,000 workers was ready to enter the stronghold of Wessel, but they lacked artillery and therefore could not bombard. Among those workers were the Comrades of Elberfeld. The Ruhr basin was now surrounded, but food was getting scarce. Along the canal—after the Easter fight —the red army was defeated and retired in disorder.

Muth and his Comrades again entered into their daily lives. The factory gates at which he applied were closed to him; he began a starving life of misery. In spite of that he did not let himself go down; always on the alert, he propagated the anarchist ideas. I remeber his nightly discussions at the corner of the Elberfeld city hall; he took the floor at every meeting. In political gatherings he fought with all his might against the ballot-box illusion; he showed that the proletariat cannot hope to destroy the capitalist system with a mere piece of paper.

He saw the revolutionary movement decline. The communist party intemperately swelled out through an armophous adherent and sympathizing crowd; yet the mortal enemy erect itself. Reaction brazenly camouflaged the coat of socialism.

In 1933 Muth must have seen the realization of what was dreadfully feared since the revolutionary defeat—the great industrial and banking dictatorship presented to the naive masses as the means of liberation! It is the end of the revolutionary movement in Germany. Still, Willy Muth did not lose courage, he continued the fight for anarchism. He entered the factories and talked with the workers even though he knew that he risked his freedom and perhaps his life.

The movement prospered through his agitation and propaganda. Soon the government sent a special staff of investigators to Hamburg where, after a few weeks, Muth and his Comrades were summoned to appear for questioning.

We were not again to see him alive, as Muesham, Willy Muth is dead for the anarchist ideal. Let us see that they did not die for naught, that the sacrifices of these two martyrs, among so many others, contributes to the downfall of Nazism.

Willy Muth has well merited our ideal and remembrance.

(Translated by Jules Scarceriaux) (LE LIBERTAIRE)

An Appeal

Anarchist Federation of Spanish Speaking Groups in America Toward A Universal Anarchist Federation

Comrades:—

In our Plenum held in May 1934, a resolution was passed to promote a closer connection between the anarchists throughout the world with the purpose of establishing a universal or international federation. Fully convinced that it would be greatly beneficial to the anarchist movement to establish a closer connection and understanding among all those who ignore political frontiers and who struggle towards a common goal—Libertarian Communism—we wrote, about a year ago, to every anarchist group, federation and individual whose addresses we had in the various countries, and those who received our first circular and answered had their opinions published in *Cultura Proletaria* of New York, Nos. 367, 368 and 369. They all agreed that it is a great necessity to organize the anarchists of the world internationally in order to know each other and establish mutual relations so as to fight successfully the wave of fascism that is overrunning every country.

In view of the fact that all our correspondents are of the opinion that the *universal anarchist federation* should be organized, we ask all those who read this appeal to write us expressing their opinion as to the place where the relations committee should be located and what its first task should be. Some of our correspondents are of the opinion that the Secretariat should be composed of individuals who speak Spanish and Esperanto, who are intelligent and of known moral solvency, and that its first task should be the creation of a center or headquarters for the international exchange of literature, press, statistical data, etc.

We wish to repeat that it is not a question of establishing another international but to organize the specific anarchist element universally. We are aware of the existence of the International Association of Workers (I. A. W.) a non-political and revolutionary organization who aims to establish libertarian communism throughout the world; but outside the great organization which is made up of heterogeneous elements there are many anarchist groups, individuals and some federations who have never joined the I. A. W. and who do not understand each other.

Everybody unites more than we do, for criminal purposes. The bourgeoisie, fascism and State socialism, unite and cooperate among themselves across all the frontiers for the purpose of realizing their aims of profit and oppression. But anarchism which is essentially and ideal of universal appeal and concept, is split and divided, not only internationally, but nationally, regionally and even locally.

Since there cannot be a Teuton anarchist, another Latin, another Sexon, another Nippon, etc., but a universal anarchist, why can't we cooperate and understand each other internationally? Are not our ideas above our imperfections and miseries?

So long as the anarchist element is not organized nationally and internationally and cooperate at the same time with the purely revolutionary organizations, it will not succeed in giving the death blow to the present infamous system. If the revolutionists of a given country do not have the solidarity and cooperation of the rest of the rebels in world, the social revolution in that particular country will never have a possibility of success. And, is it not necessary to be organized universally in order to give this solidarity and cooperation to the revolutionists of a given country?

Anarchists of the whole world! Spread this initiative by all means at your disposal and do not forget this phrase: *omnia vincit*—unite and you will succeed!

FEDERACION DE G. A. (L. C.) EN EE, UU

F. de GG. AA., P.O. Box 75, Langecloth, Pa., U.S.A.

For The Study of Libertarian Ideas

(Continued from Page Six)

the publication of the present volume possible—originally written for *La Protesta* of Buenos Aires— and I take this opportunity to thank them for their valuable effort.

MAX NETTLAU

No one in the anarchist movement need to be told of the unceasing life-long labors that Comrade Nettlau has given to preserving all possible historical data of the anarchist movement throughout the world.

We not only join in supporting the idea of making possible the publication of the works of Comrade Nettlau, but suggest also the formation of an International Publication Committe which shall be set in motion to materialize the project. No one is better fit to choose, and to ask the cooperation of individuals to serve on such a Committee, than Comrade Nettlau himself. Soon as such a Committe has been formed, the anarchist press throughout the world should be asked to open up a special fund that will have as its object the financing of publishing all the coordianated historical material that will have been made available by the labors of Comrade Max Nettlau, and all those Comrades who have assisted him in this work.

MANI

NOTES

An international gathering, composed of Jewish, Italian and Russian comrades, took place at the Radical Library, Philadelphia, Nov. 16th, for the purpose of raising funds to the defense of Ferrero and Sallitto, the two victims of persecution instituted by the New Deal. A most comradely spirit prevailed at the gathering. Besides the usual proletarian refreshments—a sandwich and a glass of wine—there also developed an interesting discussion on the problems affecting our movement. Due to unusually bad weather the crowd was not as large as was to be expected, but those present knew the purpose they came for and as a result we collected 25 dollars net profit. which was whole-heartedly contributed by every one of the comrades present. The money was sent to the Ferrero-Sallitto Defense Conference, New York City.

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INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMAN'S ASSOCIATION
RELIEF FUND FOR THE IMPRISONED AND
EXILED ANARCHISTS IN RUSSIA
CHICAGO SECTION

Financial Report from July 1934 till October 1935

INCOME:		
From Workmen's Circle Branches	$214.00	
For Spain	105.00	
From the Russian A. K. Federation	97.70	
From individuals, Groups and Unions	155.30	713.54
EXPENSES:		
Sent to Russia	$430.95	
Sent to Spain	105.00	
Printing and Postage	132.50	
Papers and Books	16.15	
Express	15.97	700.57
Balance on Hand		$12.97

Auditing Committee:

J. Maximov, S. Miller
M. Olay
B. Yelensky, Secretary

* * *

TO GROUPS and Individuals

Dear Comrades:—

The Free Society Group of Chicago, having large stocks on hand of several pamphlets and needing the cash to pay the printer, are offering them at less than cost to the groups, on orders of 100 or over.

ANARCHISM AND THE AMERICAN TRADITIONS, by Voltairine de Cleyre ..... $2.00 per hundred
WHAT IS ANARCHISM, by H. Havel ..... $2.00 per hundred
BOLSHEVISM, Promises and Realities ..... $4.00 per hundred

The above prices does not include postage. Please send money and orders to: B. YELENSKY, 3332 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Fraternally yours,
THE FREE SOCIETY GROUP.

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Financial Statement

(September 15 to November 15)

INCOME	$ 95.63	
EXPENDITURES	115.10	
DEFICIT FROM LAST ISSUE	21.96	
TOTAL		$137.06
		95.63
DEFICIT		$ 41.43

RECEIVED FROM GROUPS

Canton, Ohio., $2.00—Brooklyn. N. Y., $7.30—Chicago, Ill., $1.00—Newark, N. J., $1.50—New York City, $2.00—Younstown, Ohio., $5.00—California Picnic $27.73—California Cathering $15.00.